

ME and

CHARLES STARRETT *as*

# The DURANGO KID

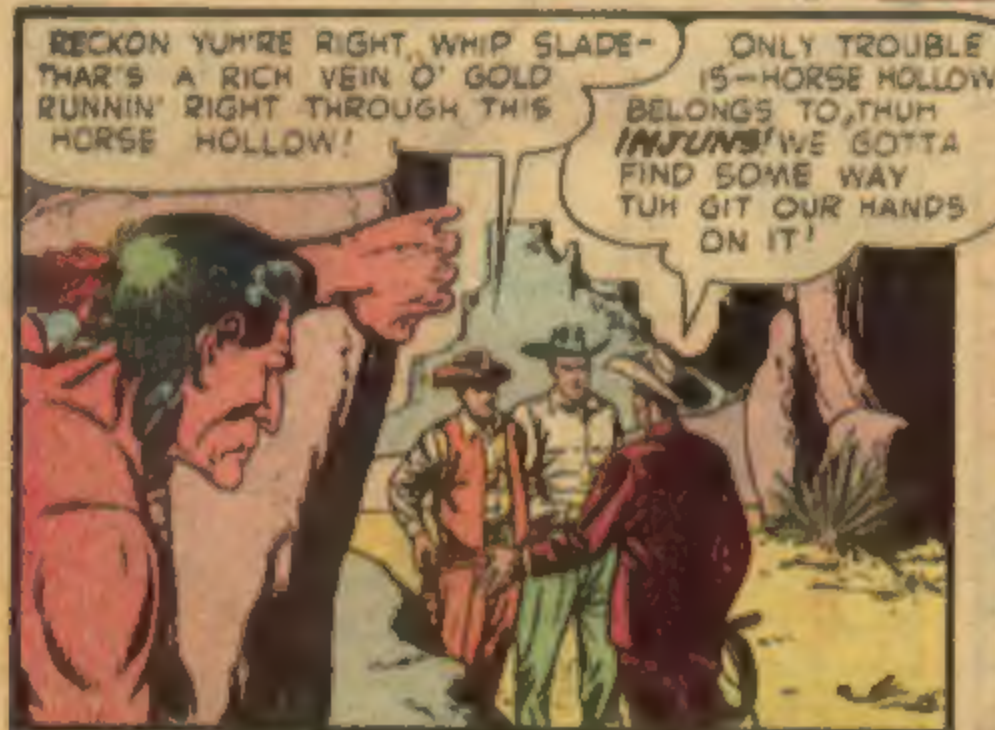






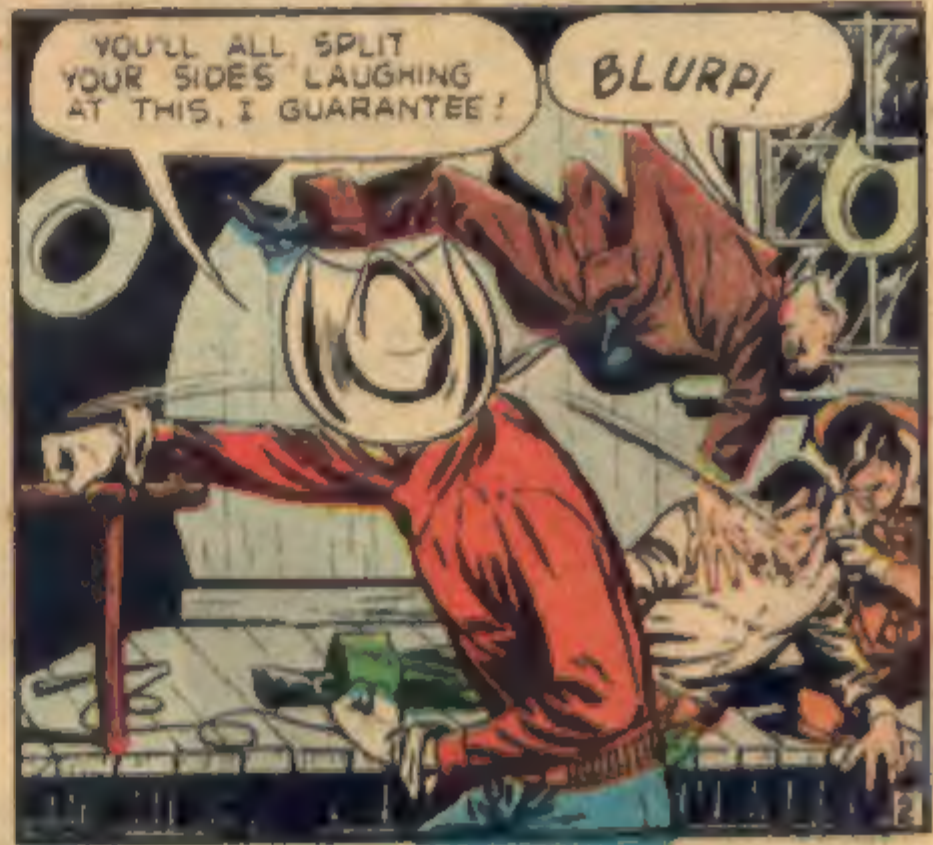
FOR THE MOST PART, THE BATTLE AGAINST OWLHOOT TERROR IN THE OLD WEST WAS CARRIED OUT TO THE TUNE OF BARKING SIX-GUNS AND POUNDING FISTS. BUT THERE WAS **ANOTHER WEAPON** AND THE BRAVEST OF MEN CRINGED TO SEE IT IN THE HANDS OF A MASTER. THIS WAS THE DEADLY

*Whiplash*



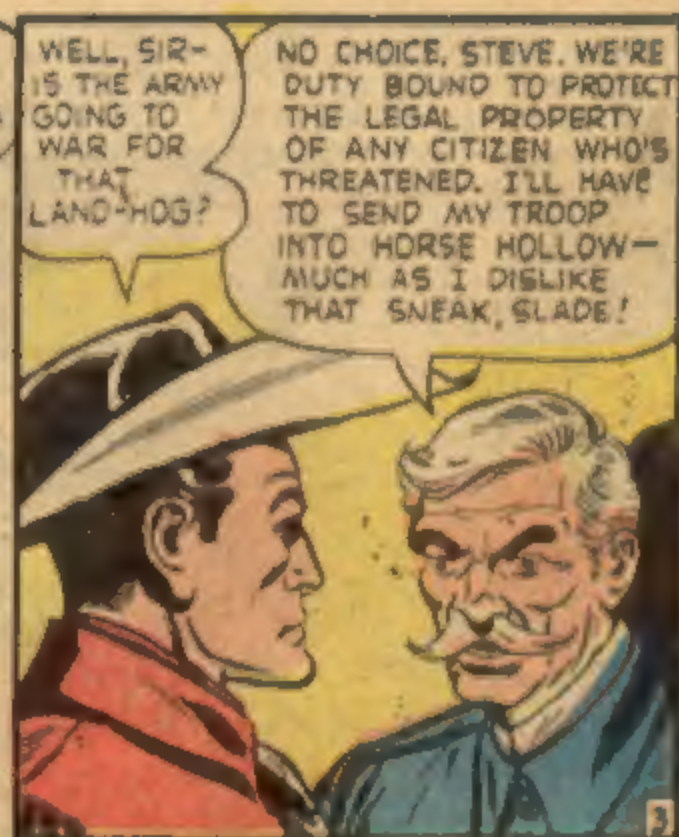


# THE DURANGO KID





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NEXT MORNING... AT HORSE HOLLOW!

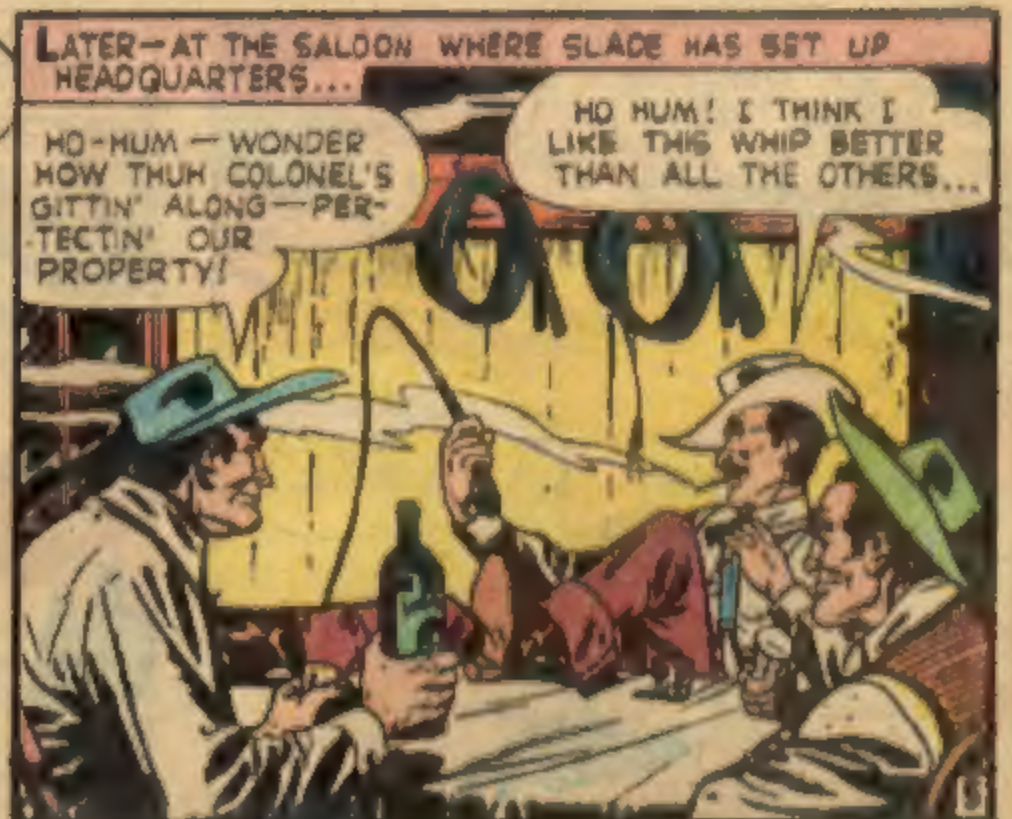


BUT, SUDDENLY — ACROSS THE PLAINS A HORSEMAN COMES RIDING! IT IS **THE DURANGO KID** — FEARLESSLY CUTTING IN BETWEEN THE TWO FORCES!



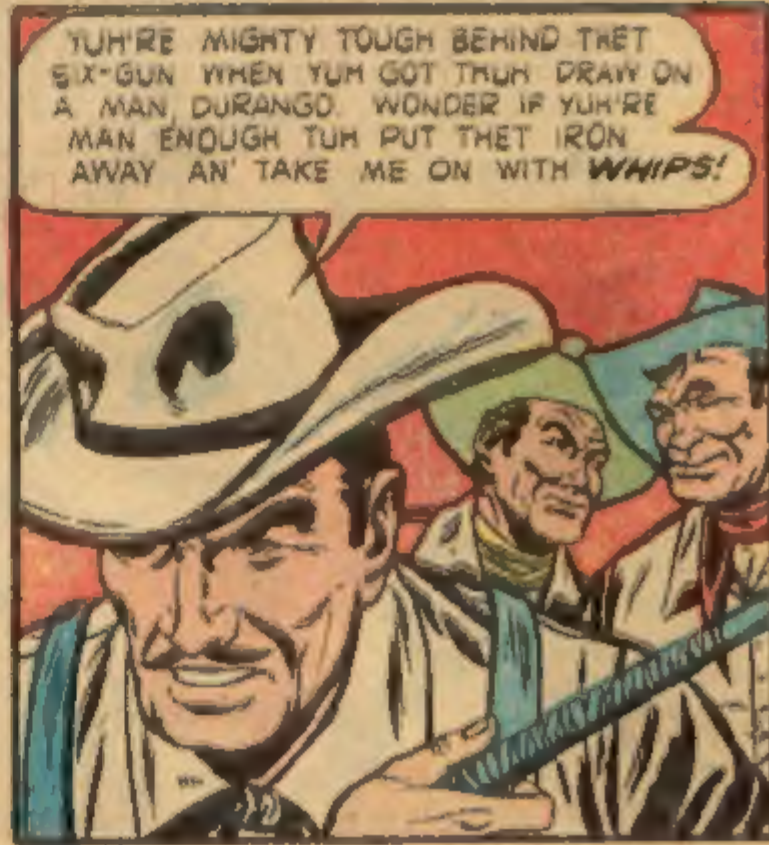


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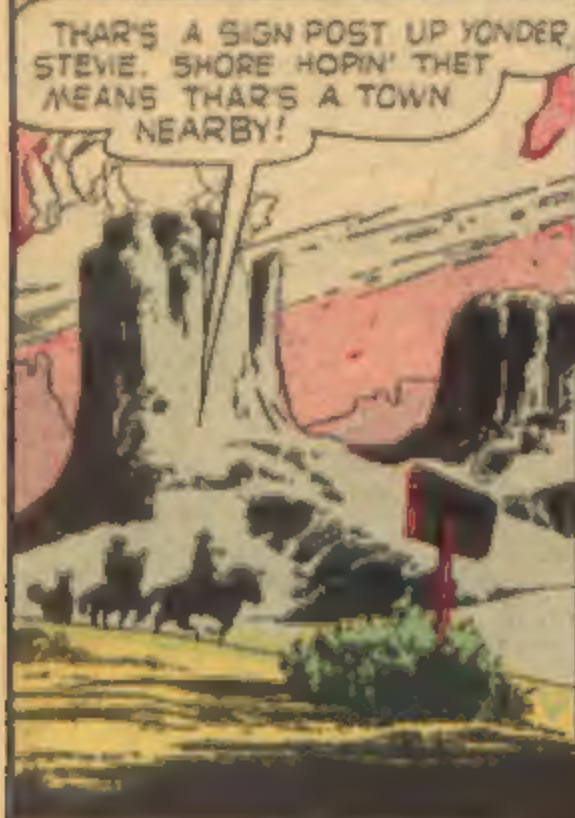




**B**LOOD WAS THICKER THAN WATER IN THE TOWN OF SKULL GAP—AND A HEAP SIGHT MORE PLENTIFUL! IT WAS THE KIND OF PLACE THAT WENT TO SLEEP OR DEATH TO THE STACCATO LULLABY OF A SIX-GUN SONG THAT SANG ITS CRASHING DIRGE FROM DAWN TO DUSK! IT WAS WILD, ALL RIGHT—AND IT LIVED THE GRIM LAW OF A JUNGLE—TILL **THE DURANGO KID** CAME ALONG TO

STEVE BRAND, TOPHAND EXTRAORDINARY, AND HIS SIDEKICK, MULEY PIKE, ARE DRIFTING SOUTH...

**"Write the Law in Gunsmoke!"**



IT'S A TOWN ALL RIGHT! WHATTCHA SAY, STEVE? HOW ABOUT H'DIN' YORE HORSE, RAIDER, AN' YORE DURANGO OUTFIT IN THEM ROCKY HILLS OVER THAR—AN' GIT US INTUH TOWN FER A SPELL? BEEN LIVIN' OFF THUH RANGE NIGH ONTO TWO WEEKS NOW!

WOULDN'T MIND SLEEP-ING IN A GOOD BED MYSELF FOR A CHANGE. OKAY, PARDNER—YOU SOLD ME!



RAIDER AND "DURANGO KID" EQUIPMENT ARE CAREFULLY HIDDEN IN A CAVE...

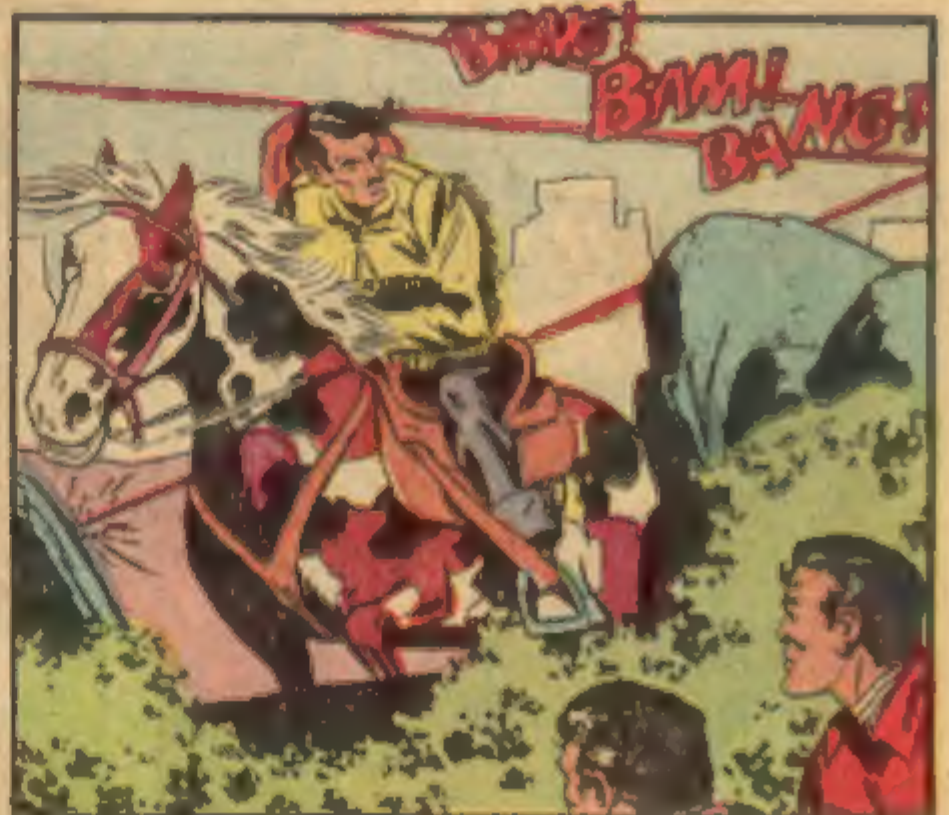
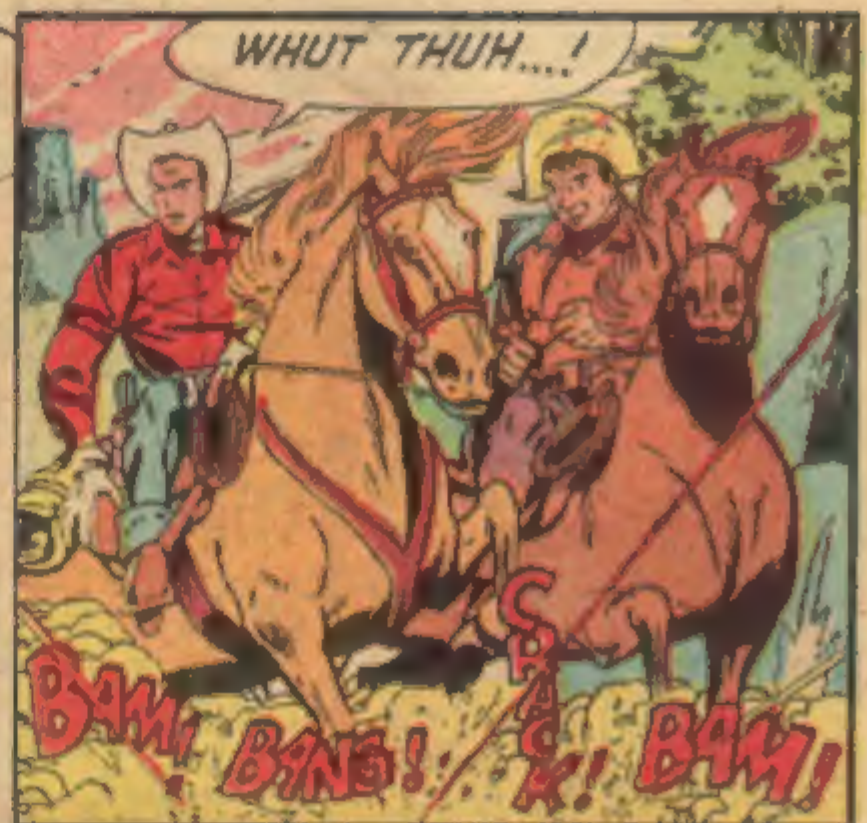
LET'S GO! I'M GOING TO SINK MYSELF INTO A HOT BATH, FIRST THING!

HOW ABOUT MAKING ME A PROMISE, STEVE? LET'S JUST BE TWO DRIFTIN' SADDLE-TRAMPS—NO MORE, NO FIGHT-ING, NO NUTHIN'—JEST RESTIN'!





# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID

A SHORT TIME LATER — SKULL GAP!

HOLY COW STEVE — LOOK! THEY SHERIFFS OFFICERS BOARDED UP AN VENTILATED PLENTY WITH BULLET HOLES!

LOOKS LIKE NO SHERIFF EVER MET A NATURAL DEATH IN THIS TOWN!

SHERIFF. DON'T LIVE HERE NO MORE!!

YOU KNOW IT SEEMS TO ME WE DIDN'T EXACTLY PICK THE QUIETEST TOWN TO REST IN!

I GOTTA ALLOW THAT I AM EXACTLY WHAT YOU'D EXPECT OF A SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

HVAR COME THEM FOUR HOMBRES WE SAW A WHILE BACK WONDER IF THEY GOT THEIR MAN?

THEY GURE LOOK LIKE A RECKLESS AND ARROGANT BROOD, M LAY I DONT LIKE THIS KIND OF STUFF — NOT AT ALL.

ALL RIGHT, WOMAN — GET OUTA THOSE WAY!

WHY, THAT RECKLESS FOOL — HE DELIBERATELY RAN HIS HORSE UP THAT SIDEWALK!

HAVE YOU ANY LE'S GO OUT A DRINK MEN?

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I A THIRK SO A LITTLE BRUCEL BUT NOTHING BROKEN THEY DIDNT EVEN STOP THE R F F ANG

THEY'RE KILLERS. EVERY ONE OF THEM! THEY'RE ANGOS MEN AND THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING! THEY'D JUST AS SOON KILL YOU AS GRAB A FLY! DONT GO SE — IT ISN'T WORTH RISINS YOUR LIFE — YOU'RE TOO YOUNG!

GO ON — DONT GO AFTER THOSE MEN!

I RECKON I COULDN'T LAY ANYWAY!

THEY'RE KILLERS. EVERY ONE OF THEM! THEY'RE ANGOS MEN AND THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING! THEY'D JUST AS SOON KILL YOU AS GRAB A FLY! DONT GO SE — IT ISN'T WORTH RISINS YOUR LIFE — YOU'RE TOO YOUNG!

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I'M SIMMONS—FATHER O' THIS HERE YOUNG LADY YUH PERPECTED. I'M THANK N' YUH—AS CHARMAN O' OUR SECRET CITIZENS' COMMITTEE FER LAW AN' ORDER'



MINGO'S THUH BIGGEST RANCHER IN THESE PARTS. OWNED EVERY-THING IN SIGHT—AT LEAST, 'TILL THUH GOVERNMENT OPENED UP THIS STRIP FER SETTLE N. H M AN H'S HIRED GUNNIES ARE TERRORIZIN' THUH WHOLE COUNTRY



WE GOT A CITIZENS COMMITTEE THUH CHALLENGE MINGO— BUT THUH PEOPLE ARE STILL SKEERED. THEY NEED A **STRONG MAN** THUH LEAD 'EM ..



WHAT WE NEED IS SOMEBODY LIKE YUH—OR EVEN BETTER YET—SOMEBODY LIKE **THE DURANGO KID**! PEOPLE WOULD BE WILLIN TUX FIGHT IF THEY KNEW HE WUZ SIDN US!



SIMMONS, I THINK I CAN GET YOUR MAN!

I WANT YOU TO CALL A MEETING OF THE LEADERS OF THIS TOWN MY GUESS S THAT YOU'LL BE IN FOR A HAPPY SURPRISE!

SUITS ME! WE'LL ALL BE AT MY HOUSE!



LATER THAT

EMMI, NADER BOY! SUGARS & LET THIS DURANGO OUT AT ON WE RIDE!



AND, AS THE DURANGO KID THUNDERS BACK TO TOWN ..

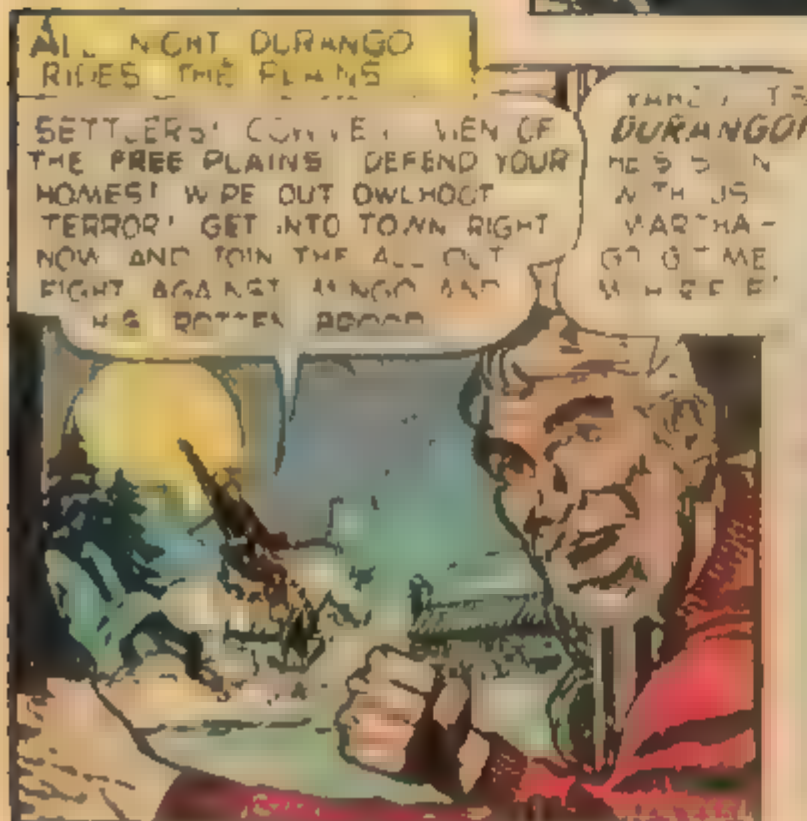
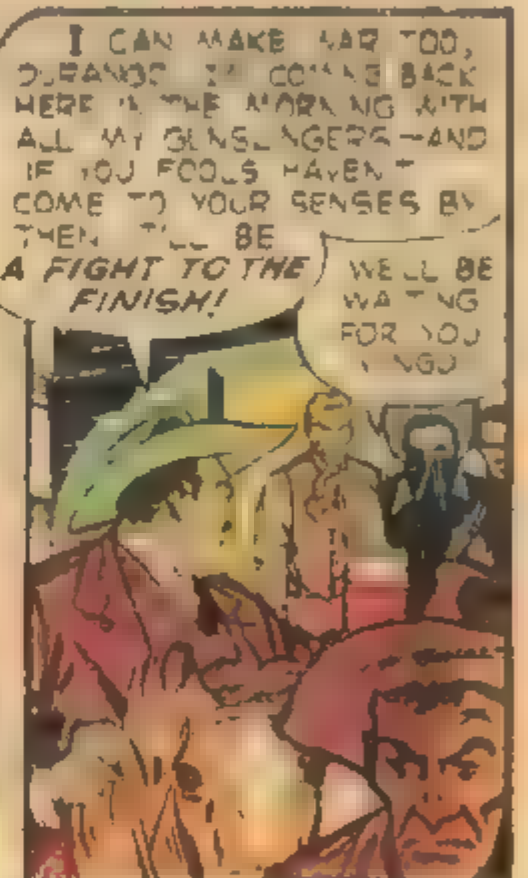
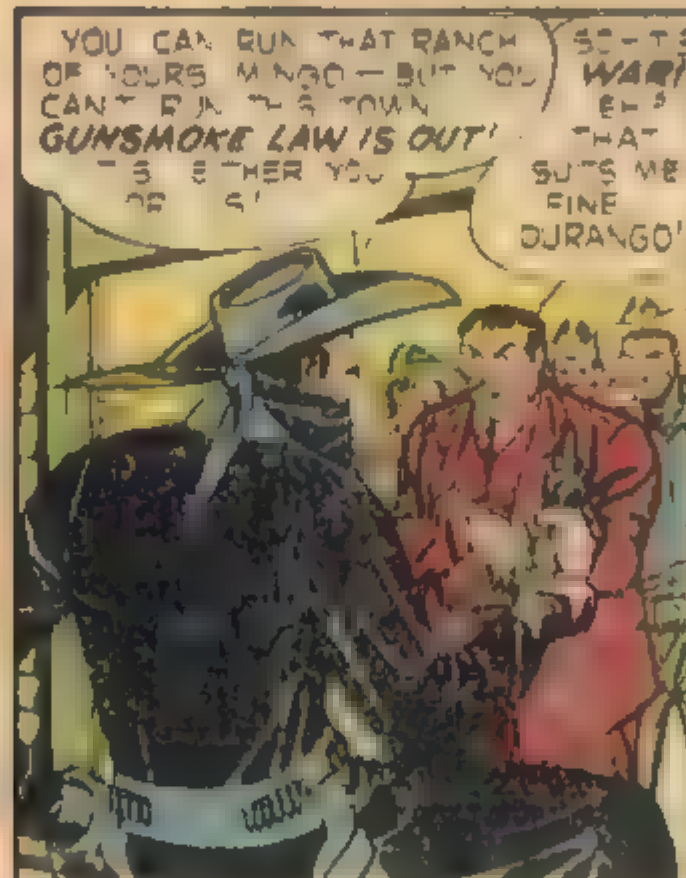
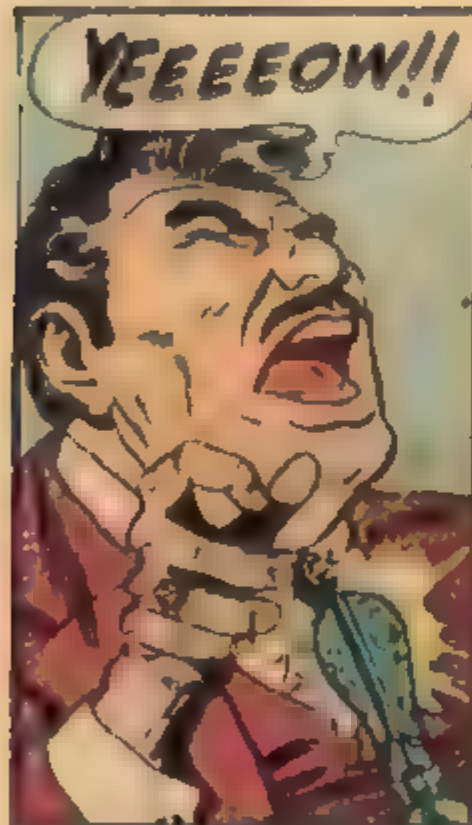
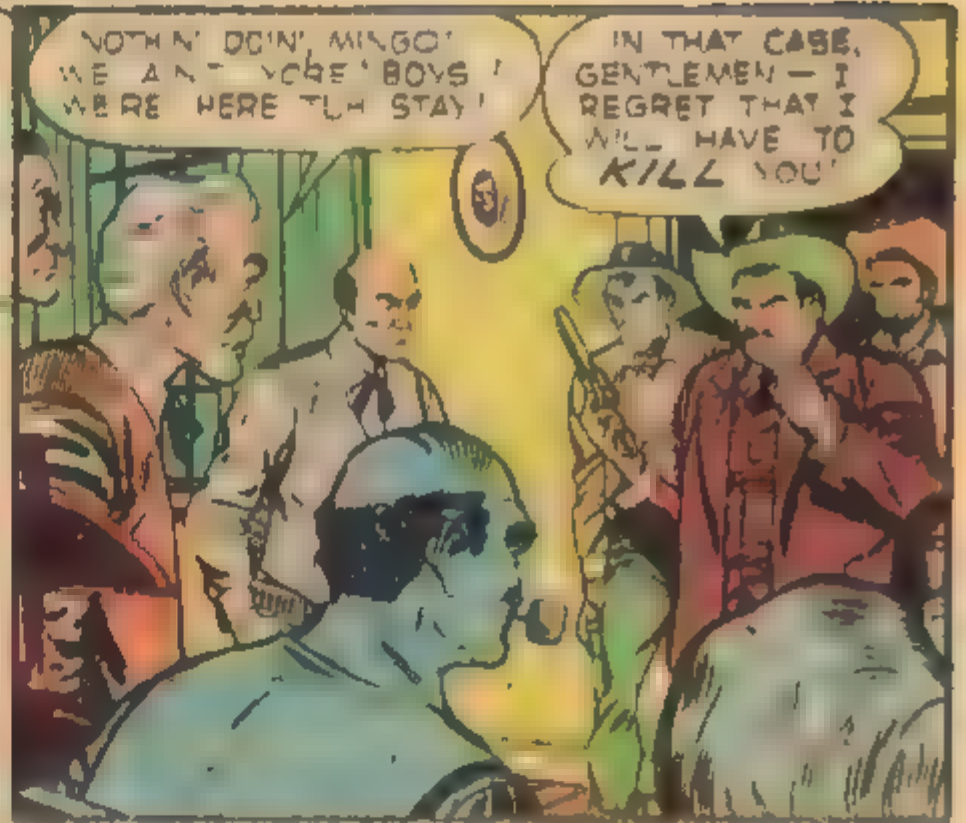
EVENING GENTLEMEN! I WASN'T EXACTLY INVITED BUT I THOUGHT I'D DROP IN ANYWAY!

**MINGO!**



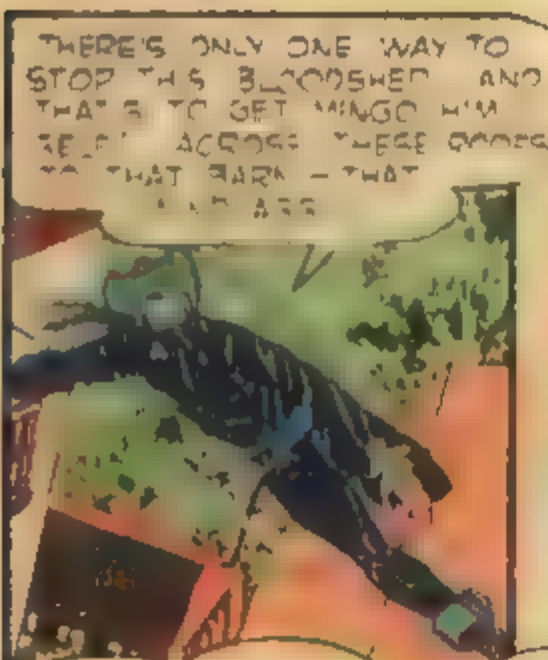
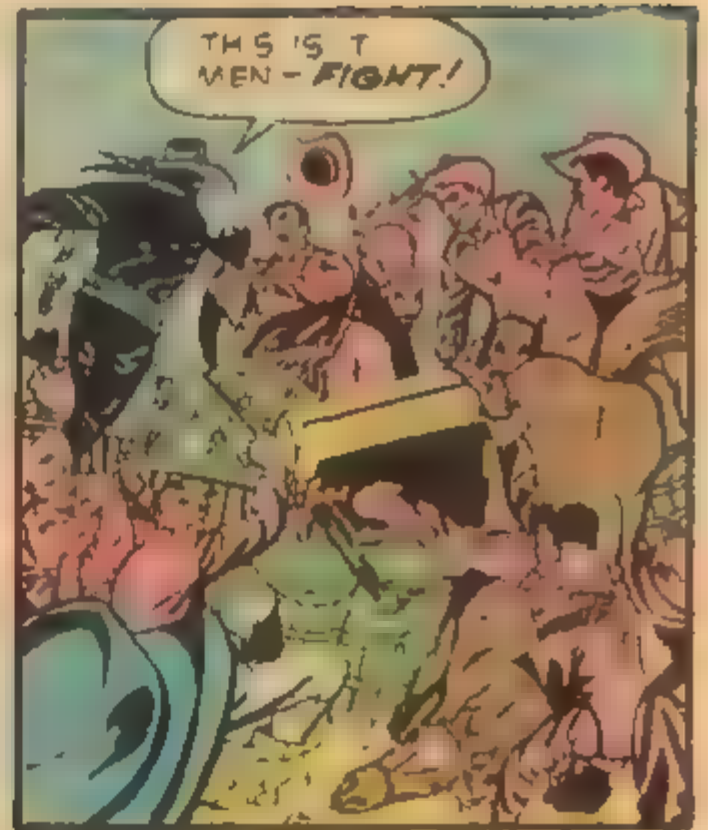


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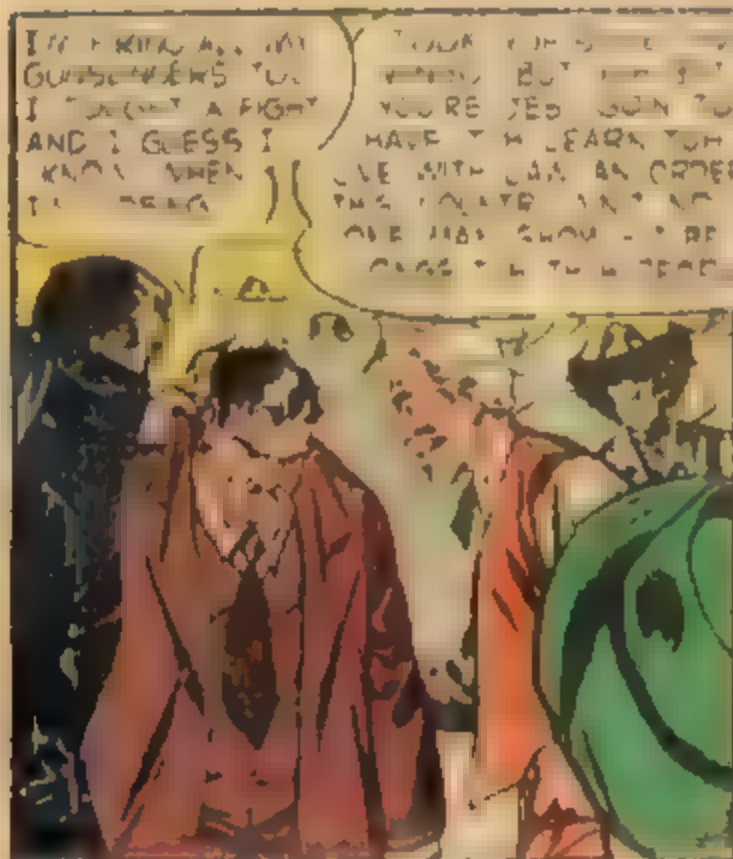
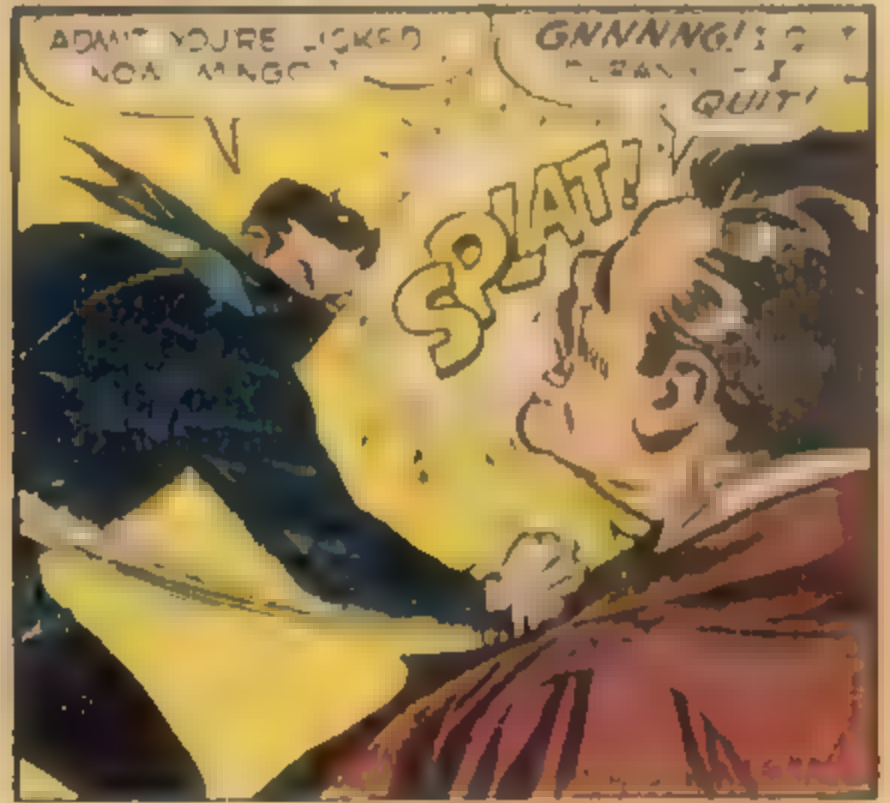
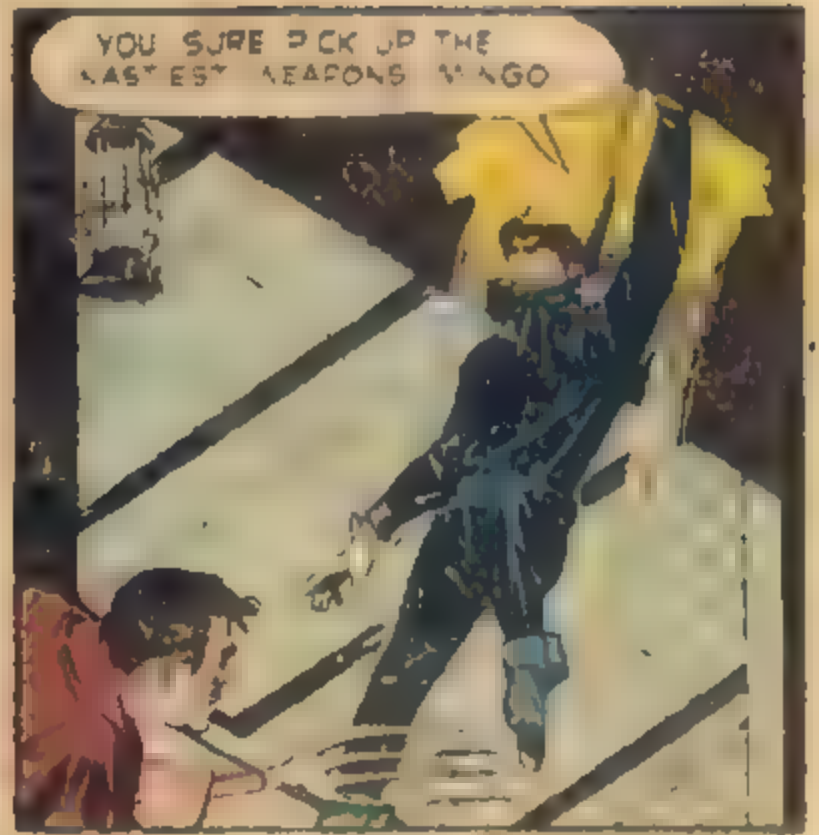


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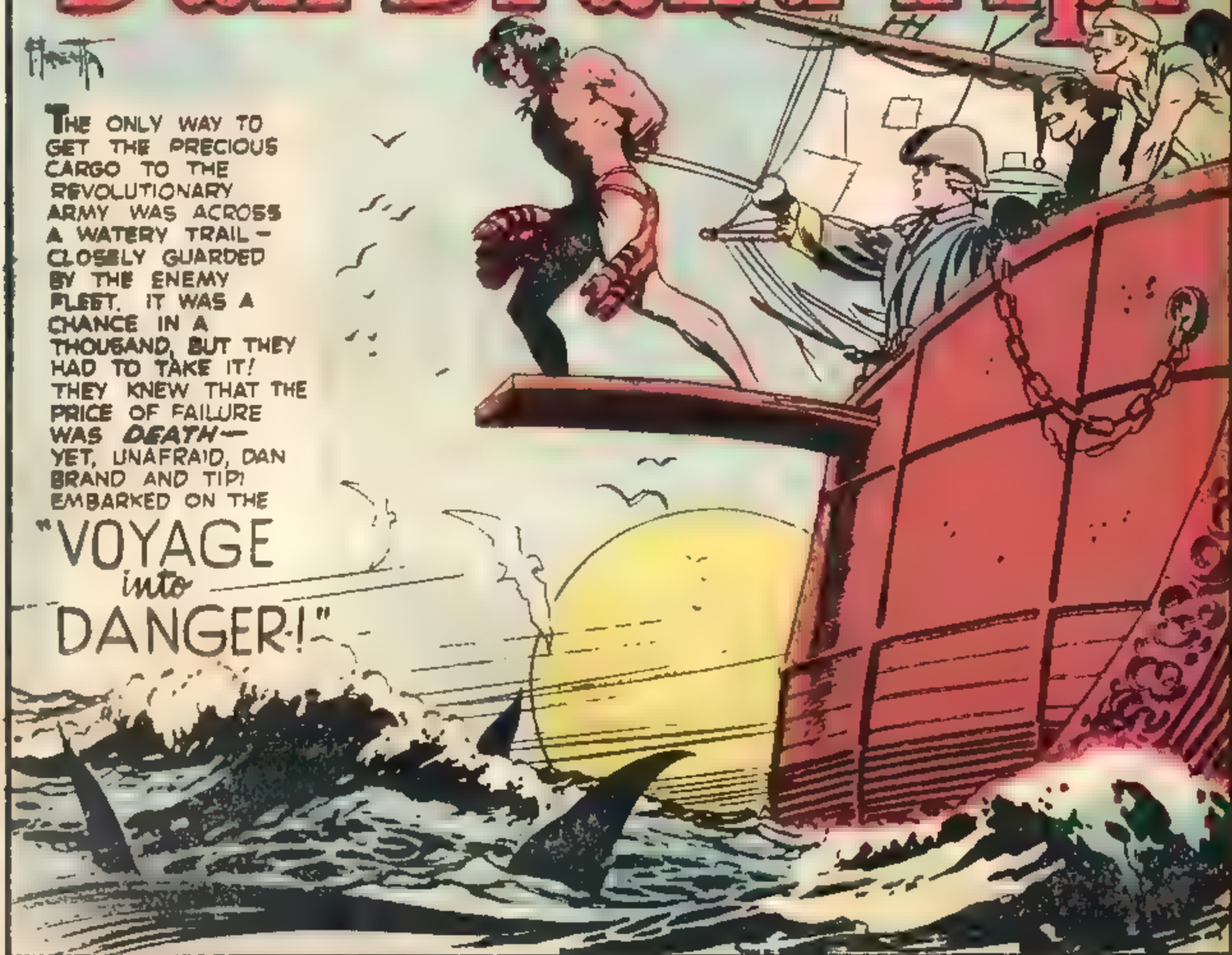
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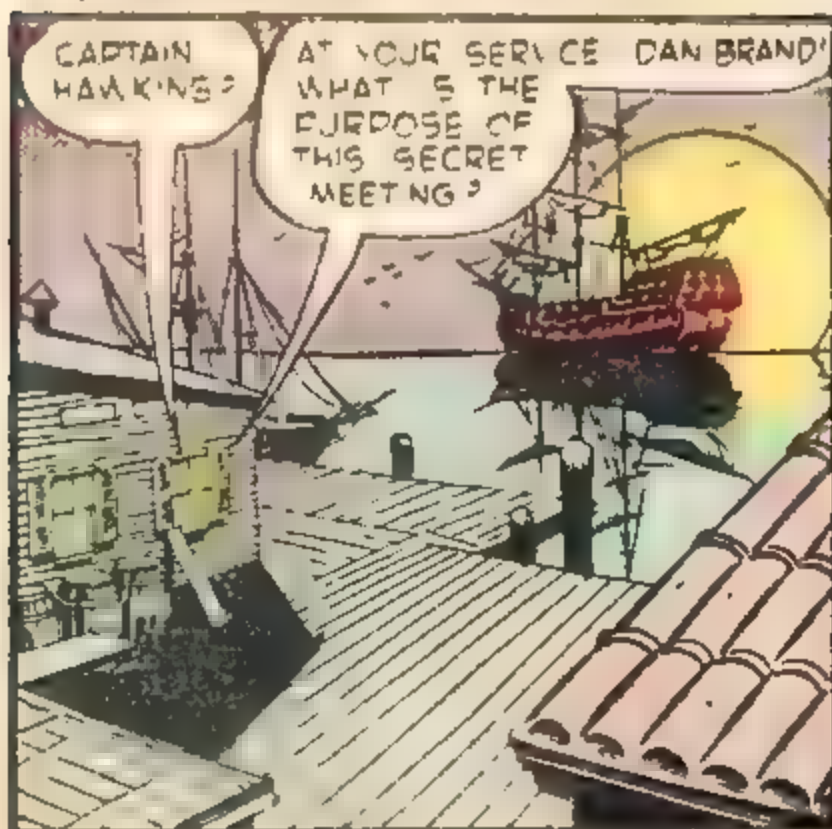


# Dan Brand and Tipi

THE ONLY WAY TO GET THE PRECIOUS CARGO TO THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY WAS ACROSS A WATERY TRAIL — CLOSELY GUARDED BY THE ENEMY FLEET. IT WAS A CHANCE IN A THOUSAND, BUT THEY HAD TO TAKE IT! THEY KNEW THAT THE PRICE OF FAILURE WAS **DEATH** — YET, UNAFRAID, DAN BRAND AND TIPI EMBARKED ON THE "VOYAGE *into* DANGER!"



A TINY FISHING VILLAGE —  
SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF PHILADELPHIA

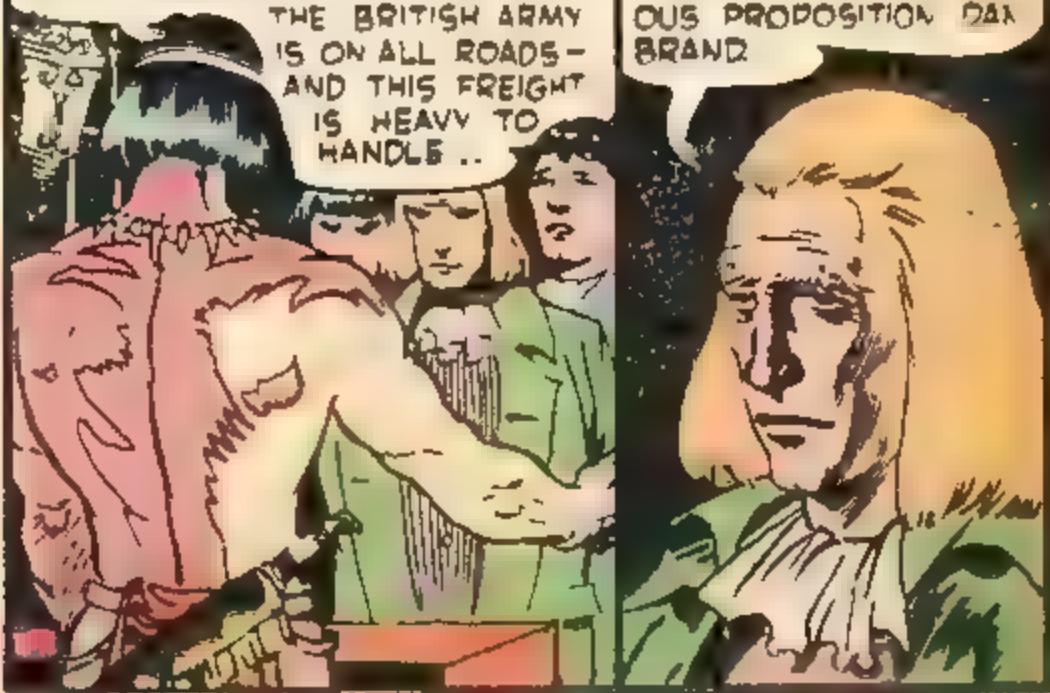


CAPTAIN HAWKINS?

AT YOUR SERVICE DAN BRAND!  
WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF THIS SECRET MEETING?

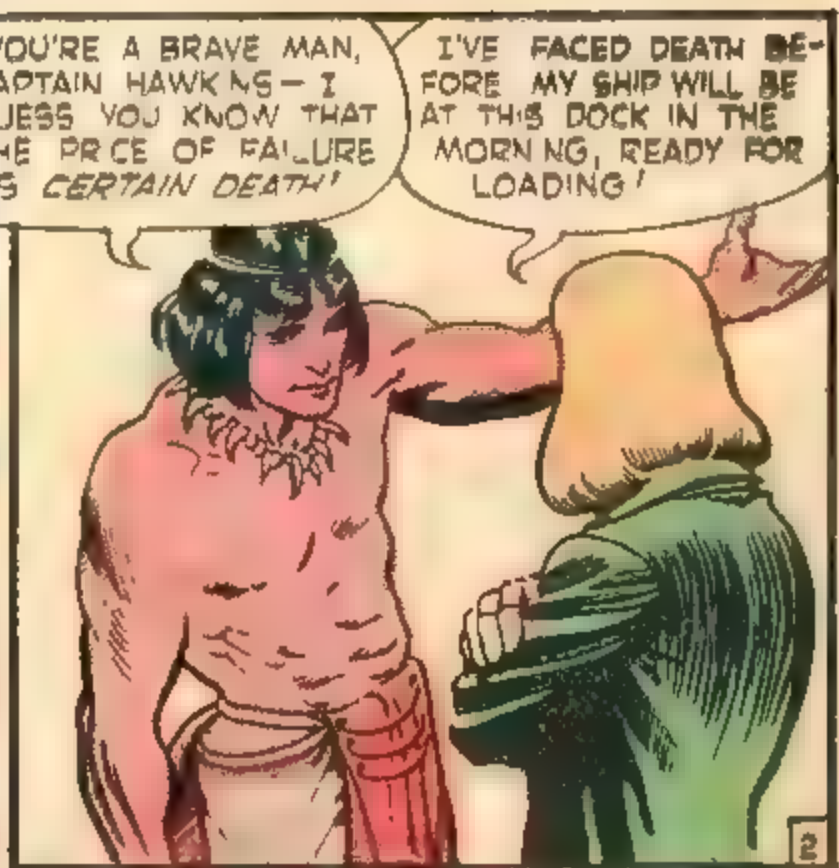
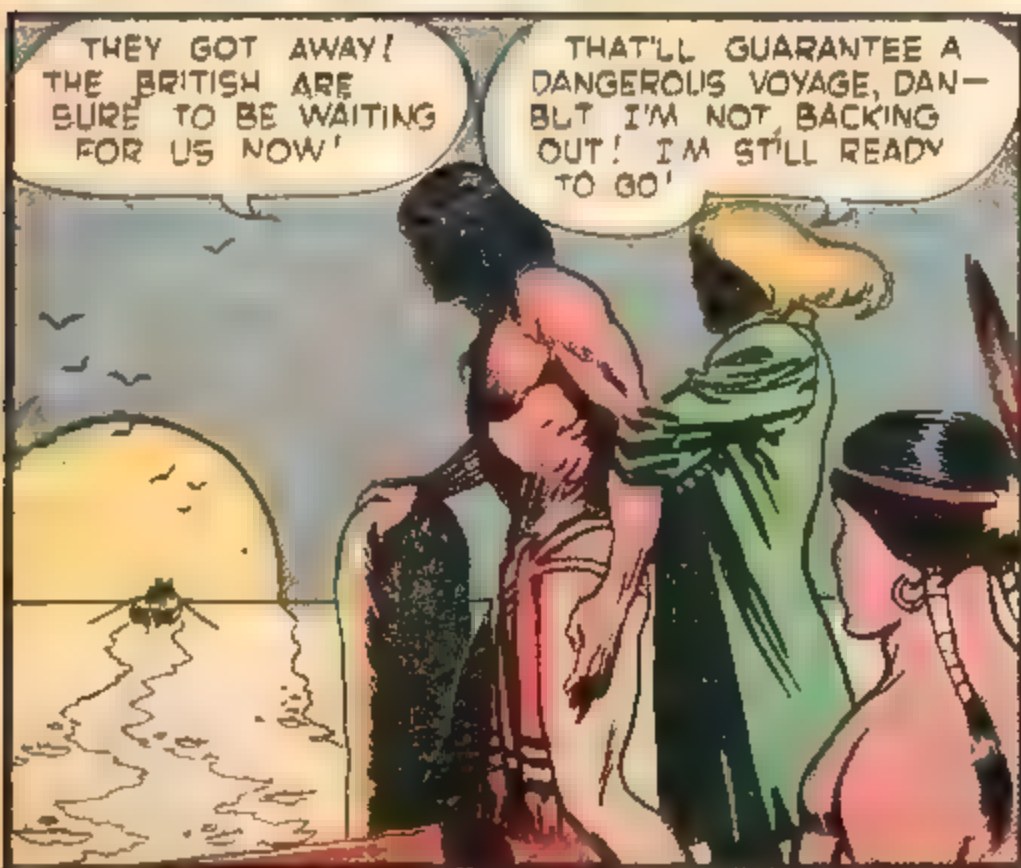
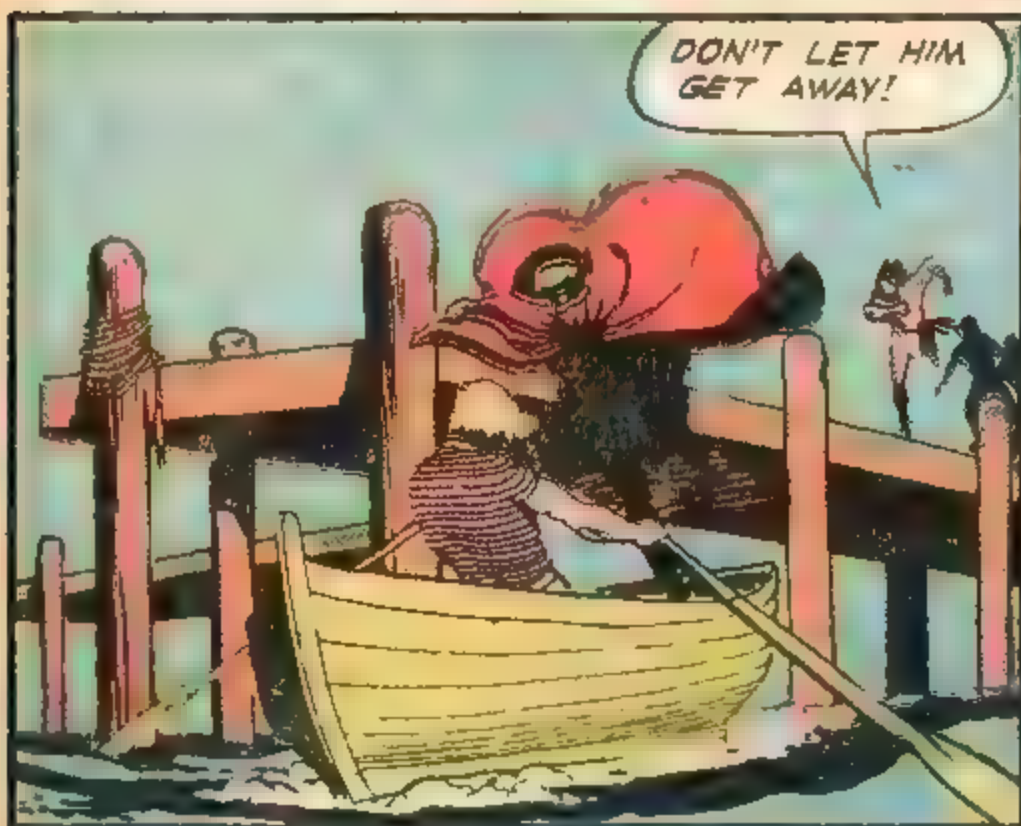
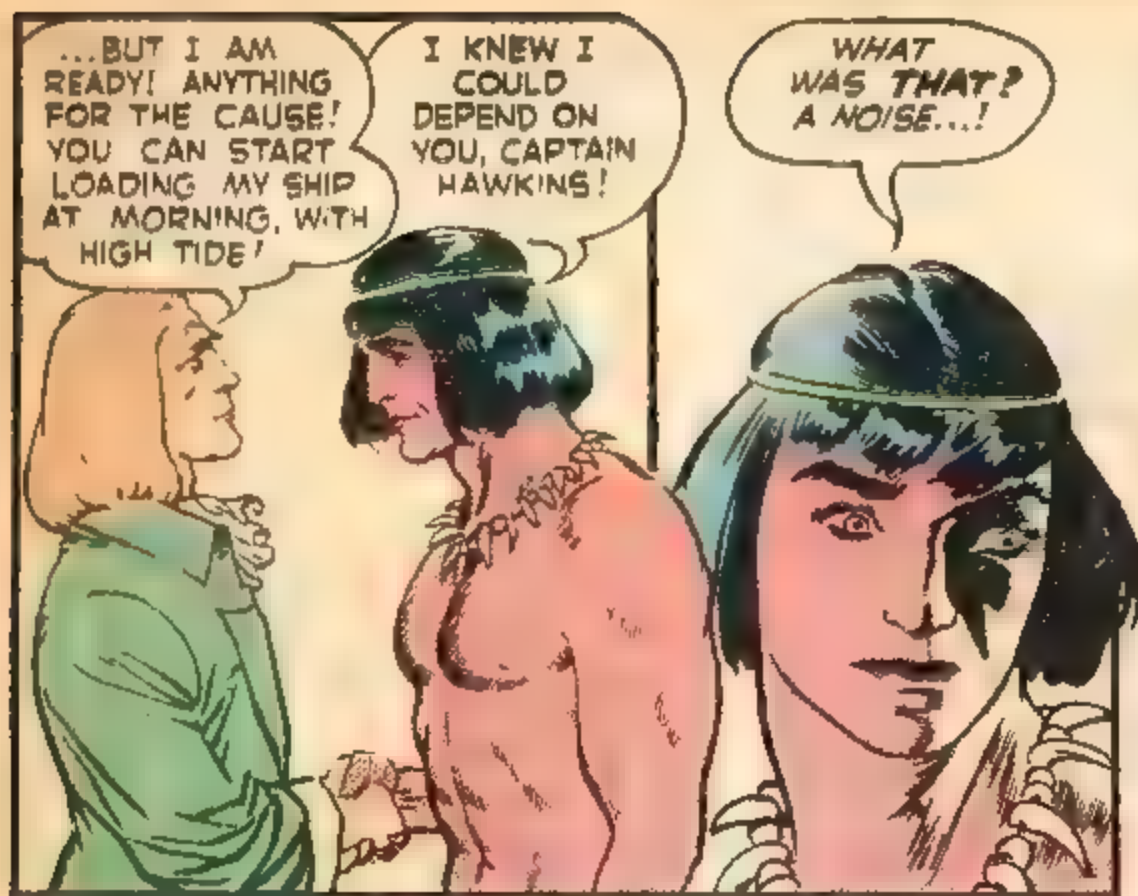
THOSE CRATES ARE FILLED WITH NEW RIFLES, CAPTAIN. THEY **MUST** GET TO THE MINUTE MEN OF NEW ENGLAND! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO HAUL THEM NORTH BY LAND FOR THE BRITISH ARMY IS ON ALL ROADS — AND THIS FREIGHT IS HEAVY TO HANDLE ..

I UNDERSTAND THEY WILL HAVE TO BE SHIPPED BY SEA — THROUGH THE BRITISH BLOCKADE! A DANGEROUS PROPOSITION DAN BRAND





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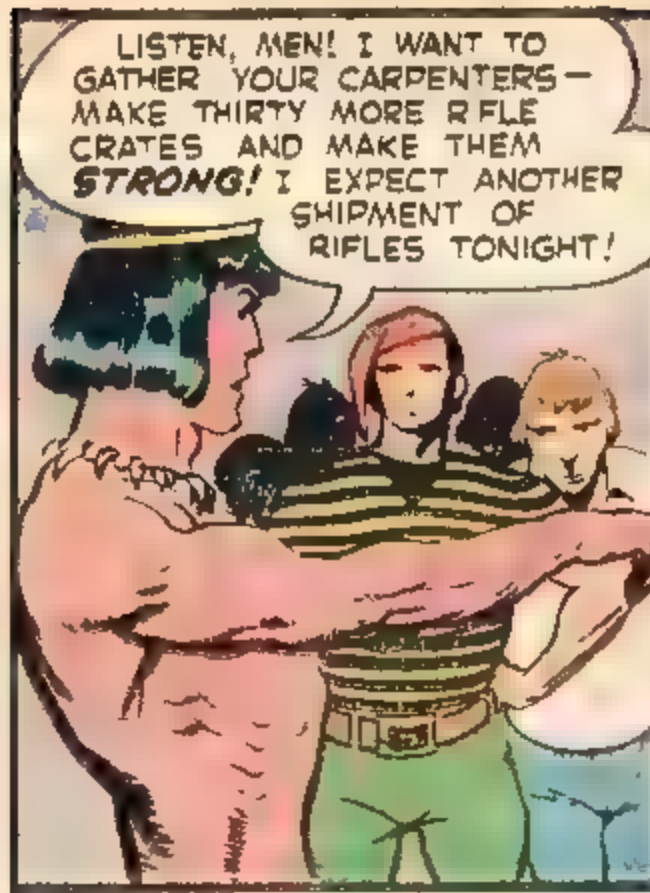


# THE DURANGO KID



IT'S ALMOST CERTAIN THAT WE'LL BE CAPTURED, DAN

I'M AFRAID SO, TIDI. BUT—I HAVE AN IDEA

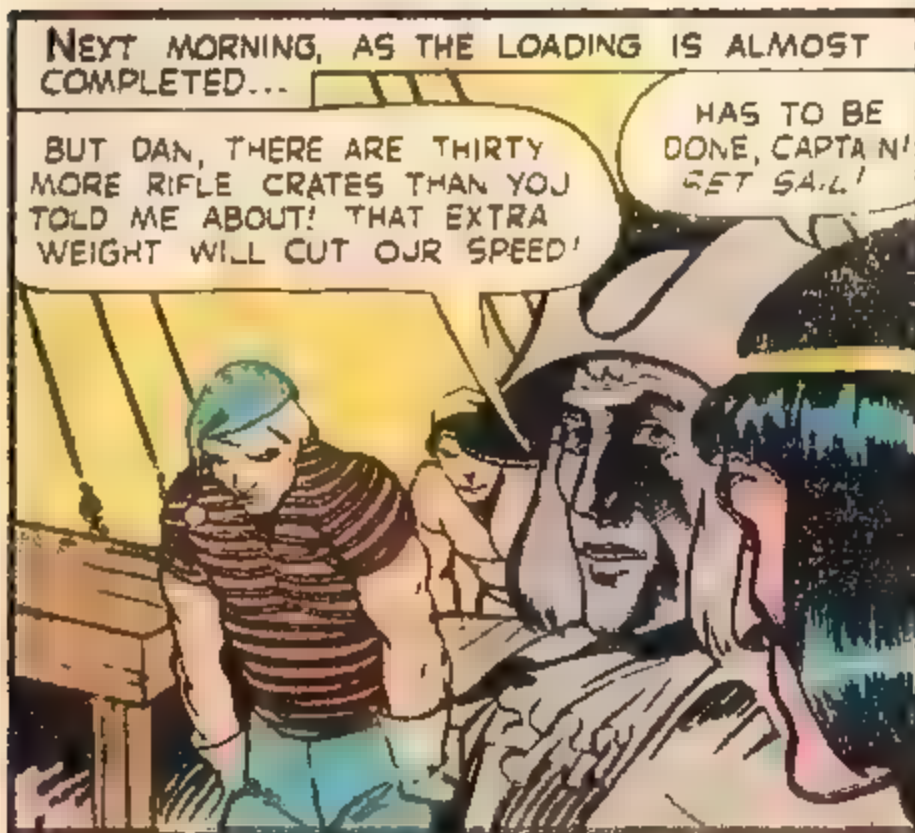


LISTEN, MEN! I WANT TO GATHER YOUR CARPENTERS—MAKE THIRTY MORE RIFLE CRATES AND MAKE THEM **STRONG!** I EXPECT ANOTHER SHIPMENT OF RIFLES TONIGHT!



AND NOW, WHILE THEY'RE MAKING THOSE CRATES—WE'LL GO OUT AND ROUND UP THOSE "RIFLES"!

I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE IDEA.



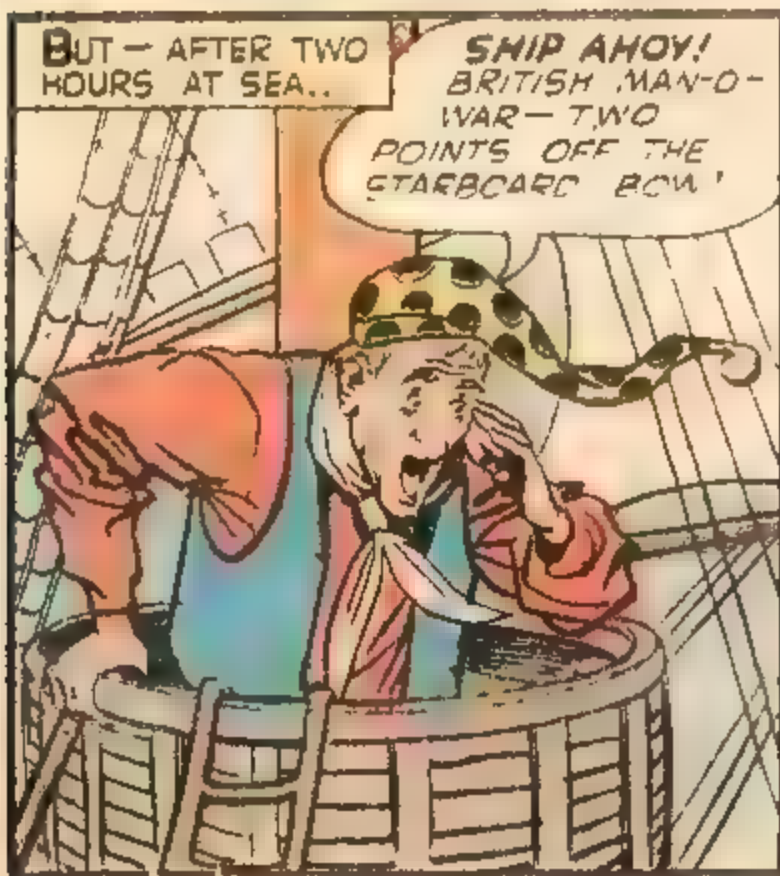
NEXT MORNING, AS THE LOADING IS ALMOST COMPLETED...

BUT DAN, THERE ARE THIRTY MORE RIFLE CRATES THAN YOU TOLD ME ABOUT! THAT EXTRA WEIGHT WILL CUT OUR SPEED!

HAS TO BE DONE, CAPTAIN! GET SAIL!

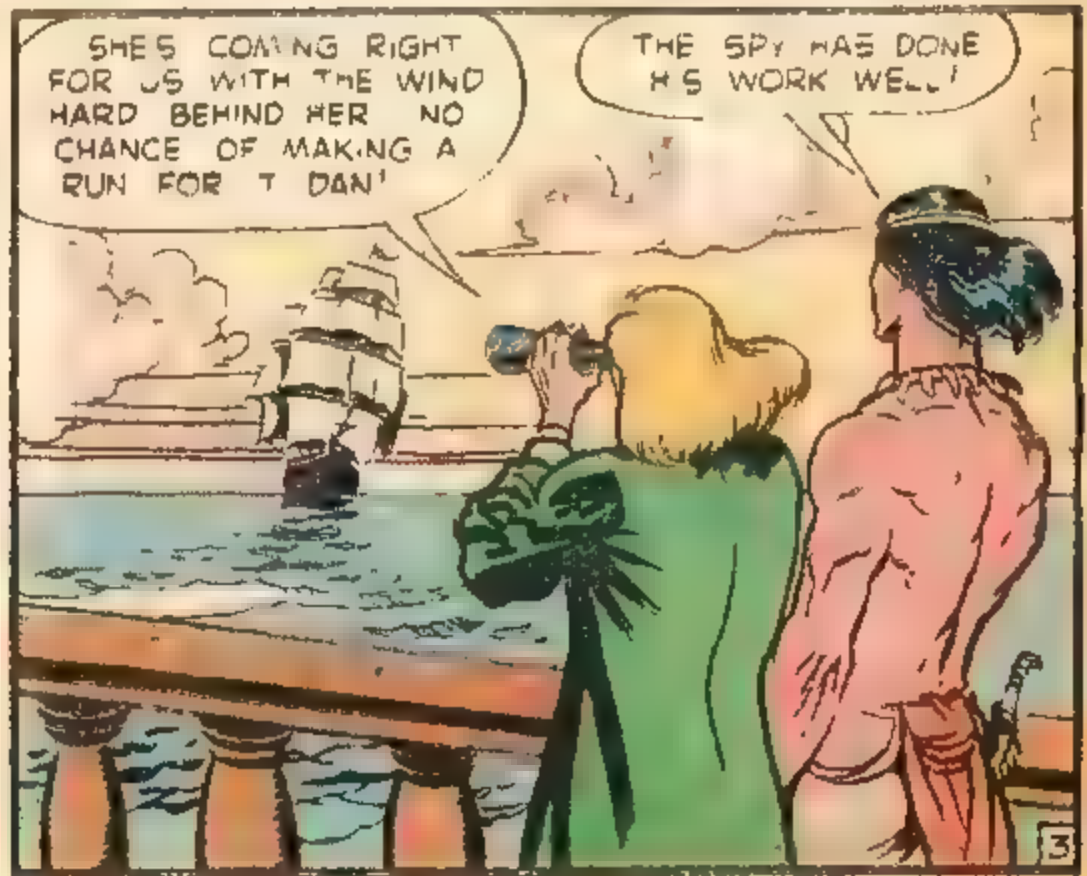


MEN, LET'S PRAY FOR THE SUCCESS OF THIS VOYAGE. GOD BLESS 'EM!



BUT—AFTER TWO HOURS AT SEA...

**SHIP AHOY!** BRITISH MAY-D-IVAR—TWO POINTS OFF THE STARBOARD BOW!

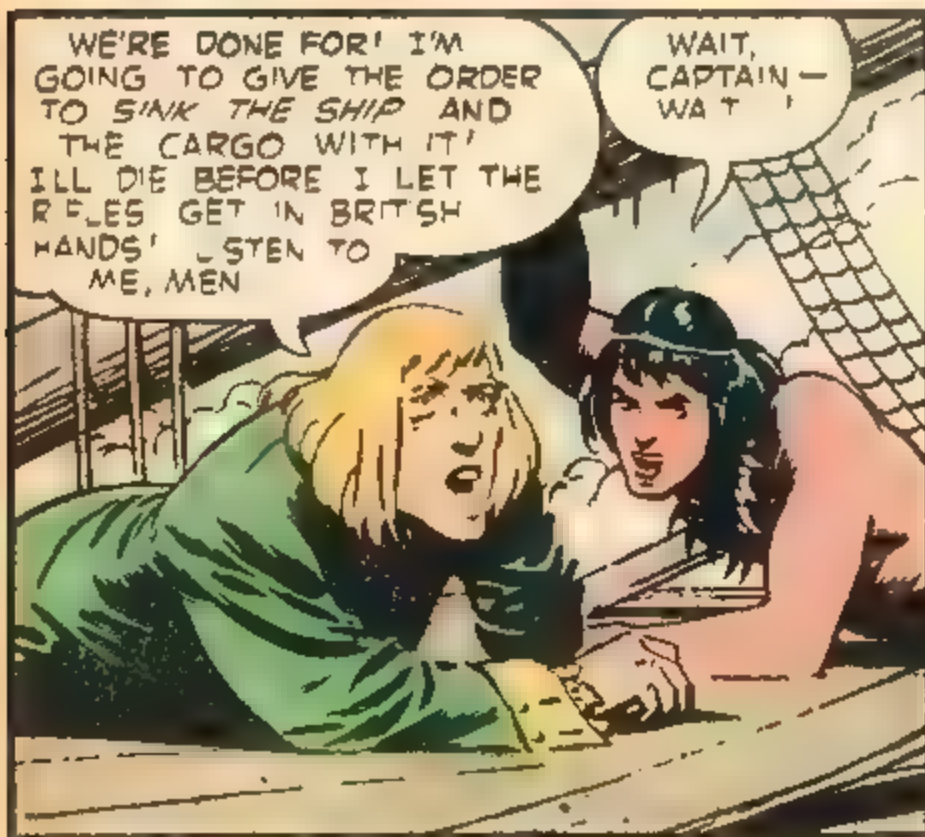
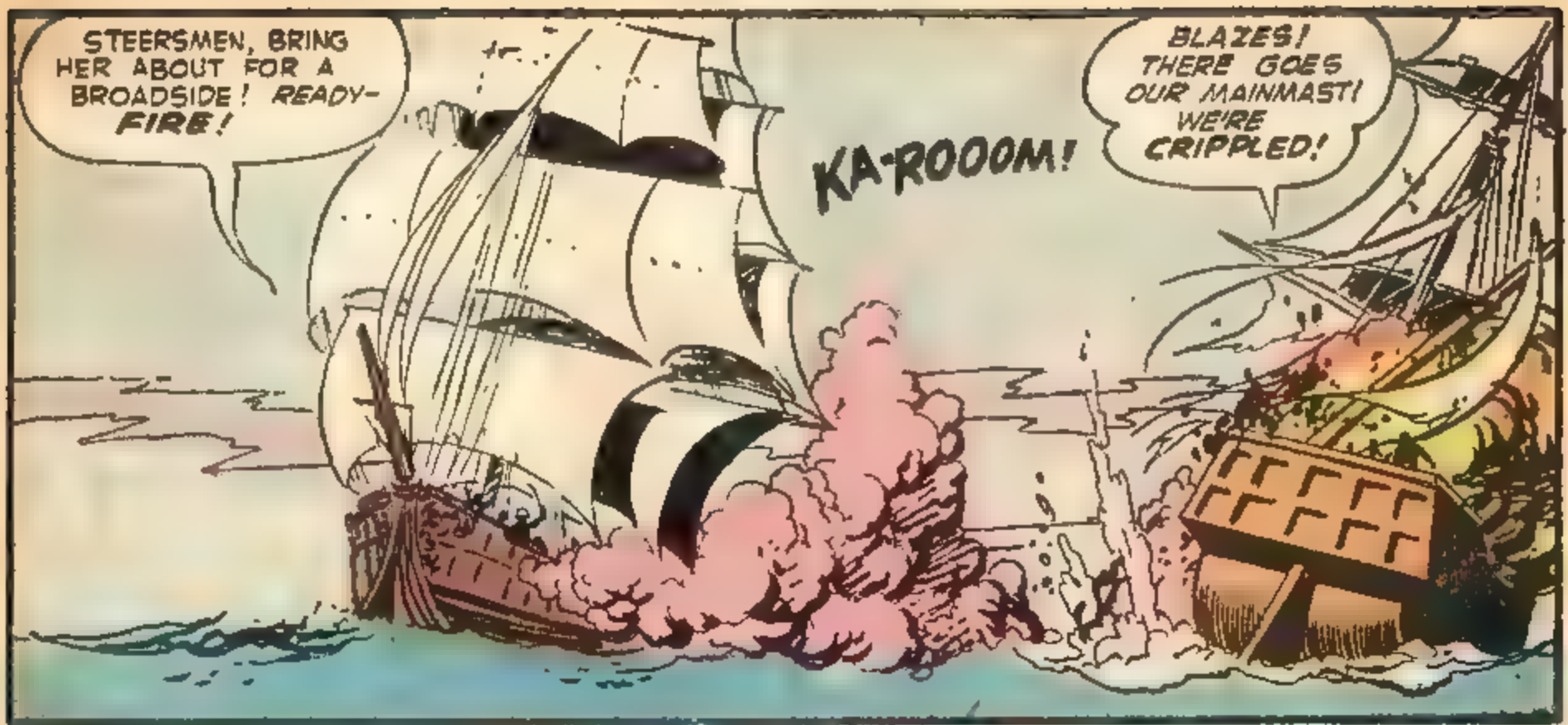


SHE'S COMING RIGHT FOR US WITH THE WIND HARD BEHIND HER. NO CHANCE OF MAKING A RUN FOR IT, DAN!

THE SPY HAS DONE HIS WORK WELL!

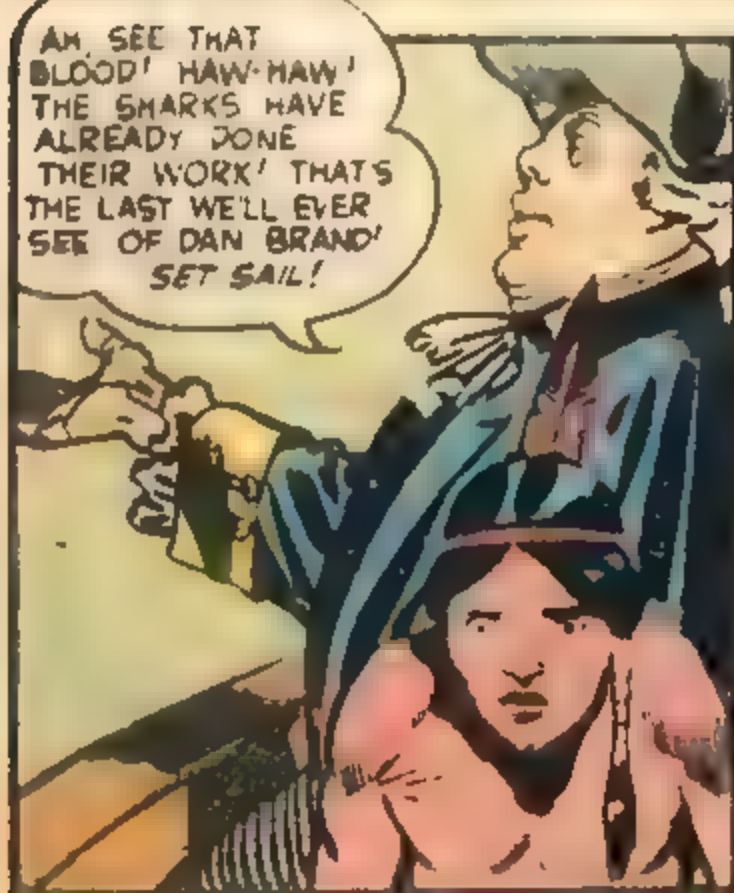
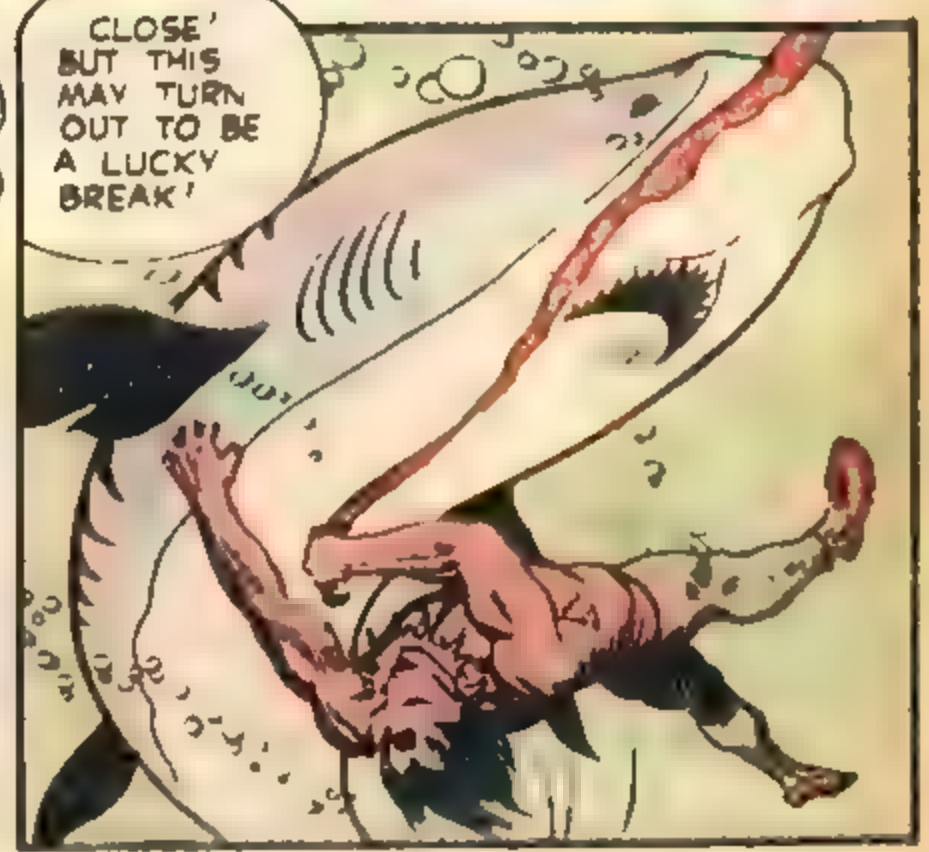
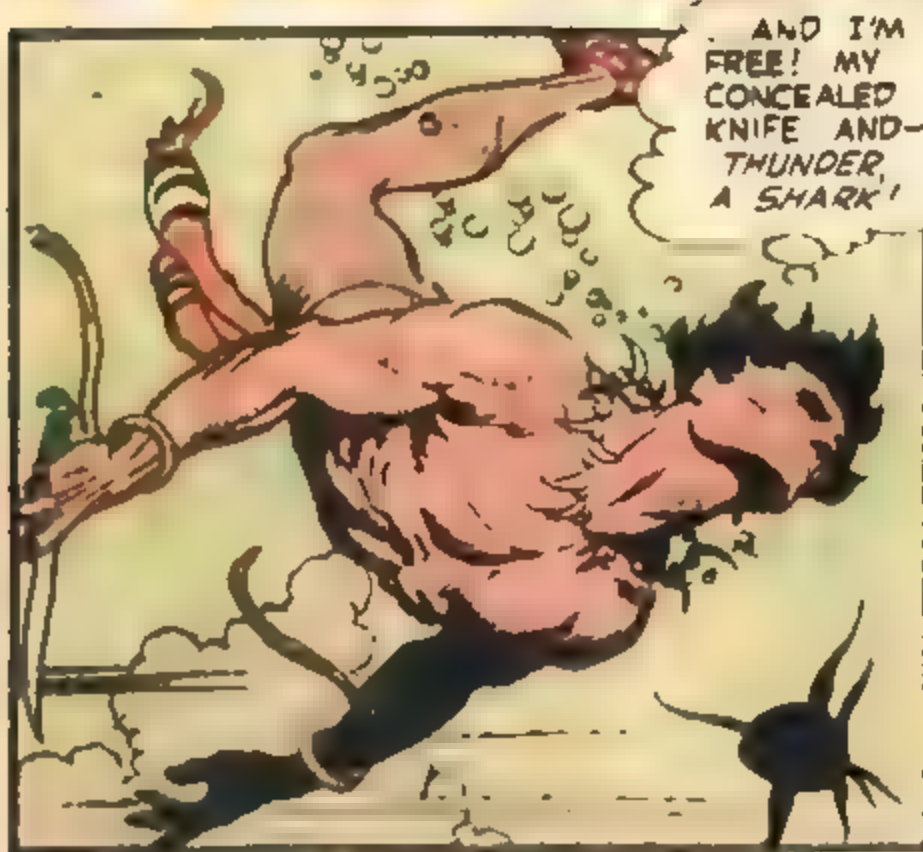
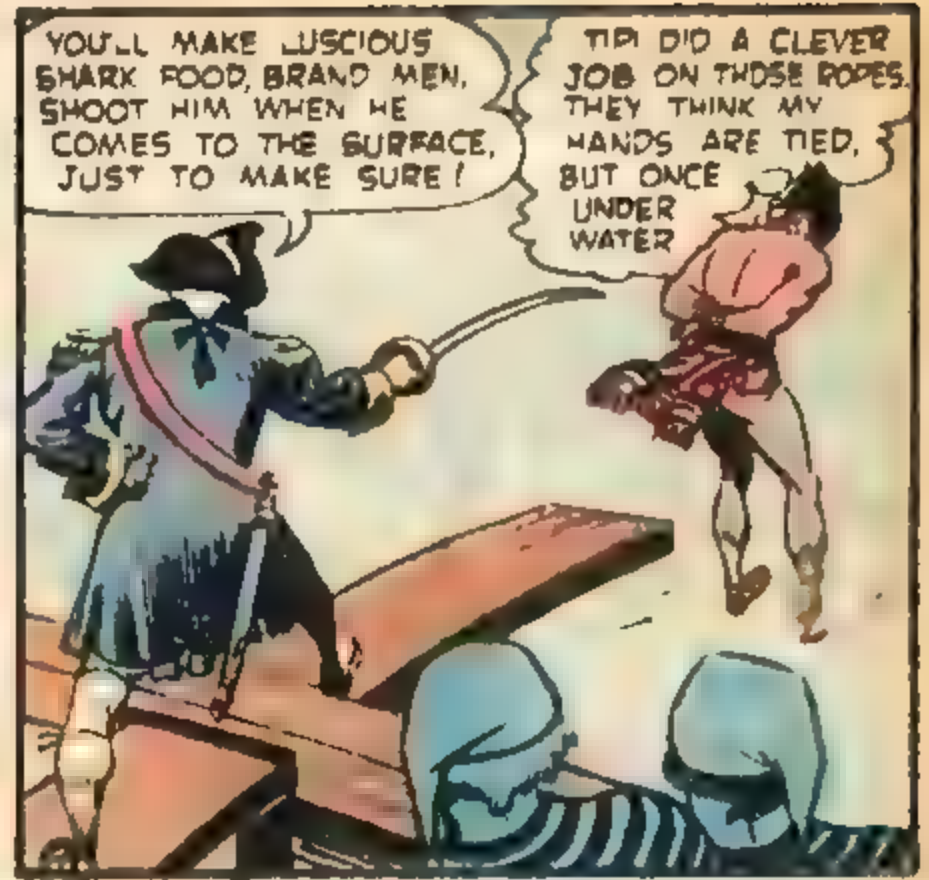


# THE DURANGO KID





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A LITTLE LATER...

A LOVELY DAY  
FOR A SAIL,  
RAHLY!



GLUG!

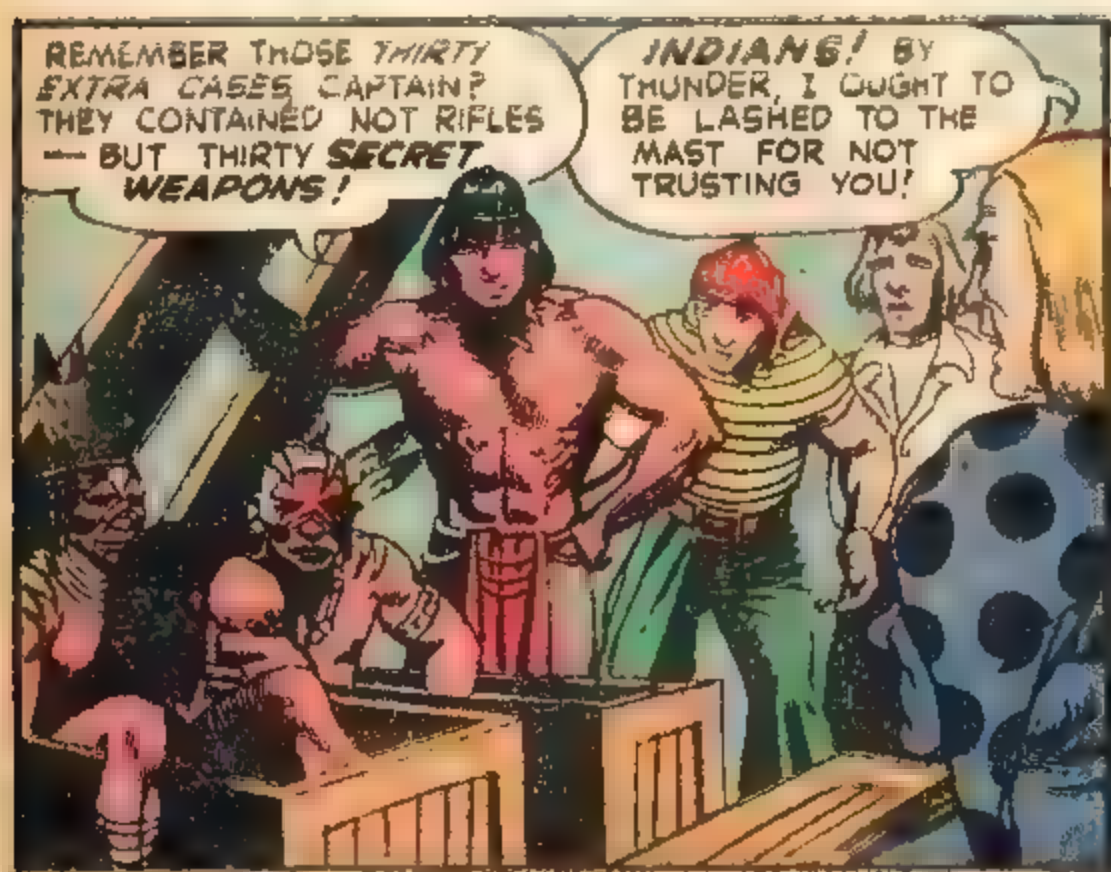


DID YEZ SAY SOMETHING,  
EUTENANT?... BLIMEY,  
HE AIN'T THERE! I  
COULD'VE SWORN I  
HEARD SOMEBODY  
GRUNTIN' OR  
SOMETHIN'!  
OH, WELL...



WHAT THE—!  
WHY, IT'S —  
IT'S —!

QUIET, CAPTAIN! NOT  
A SOUND! IN JUST  
ONE MOMENT I  
SHALL PROVE TO  
YOU THAT I AM  
NO TRAITOR...



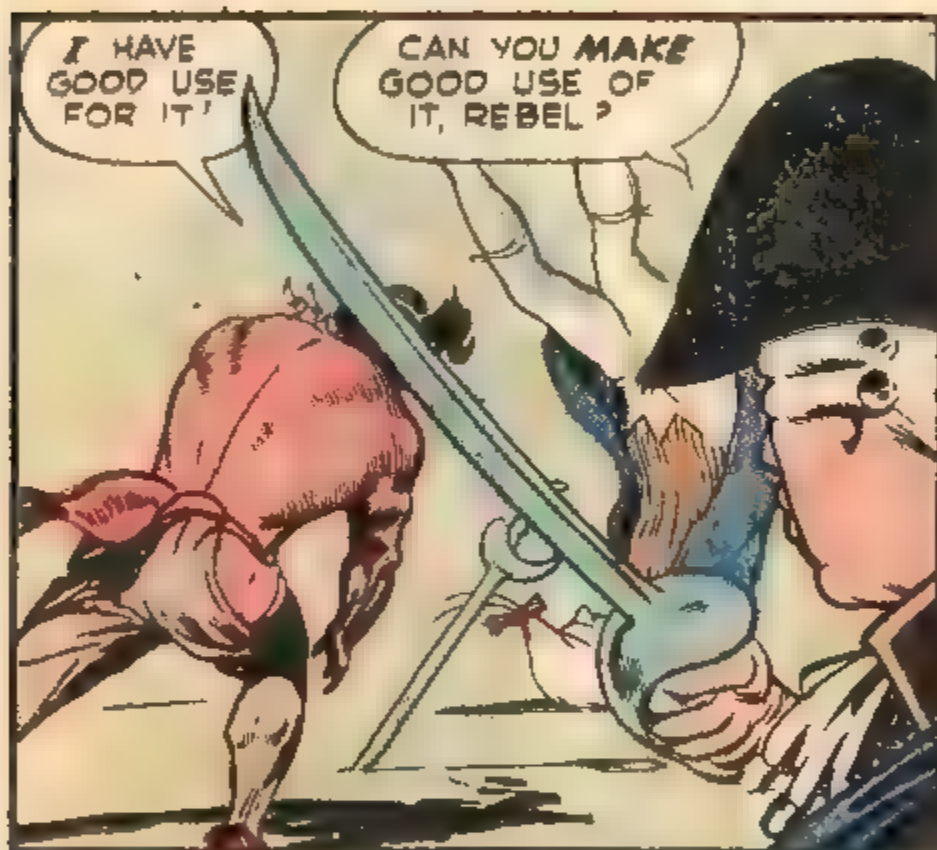
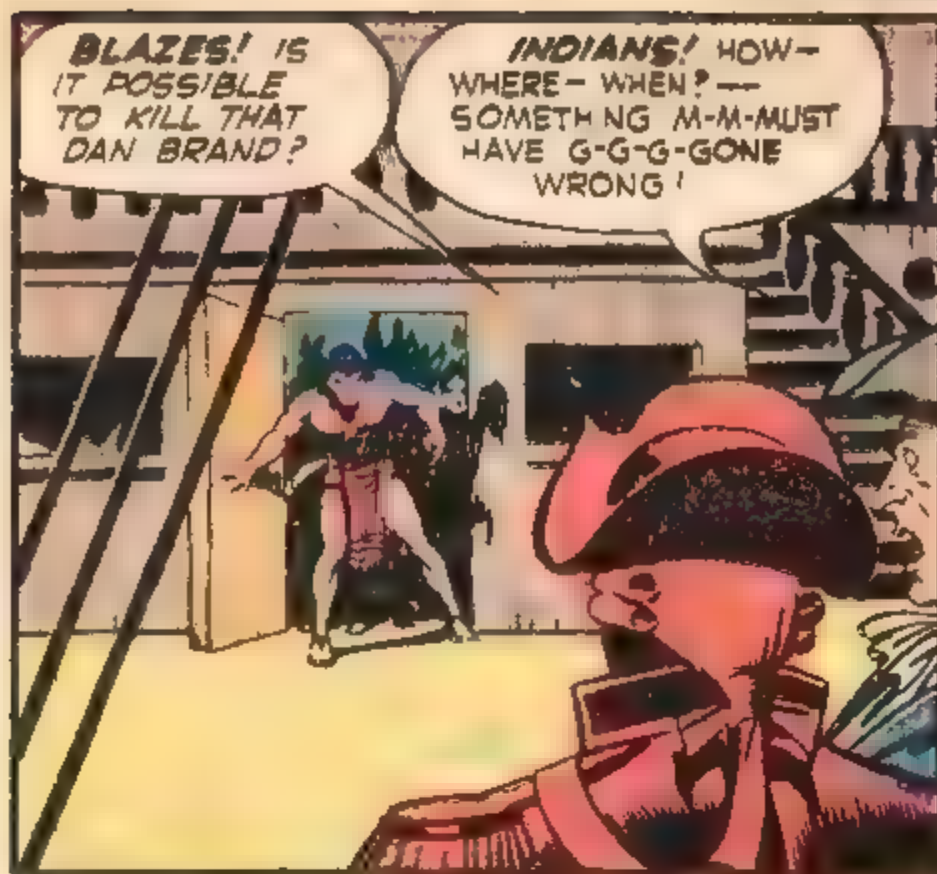
REMEMBER THOSE THIRTY  
EXTRA CASES, CAPTAIN?  
THEY CONTAINED NOT RIFLES  
— BUT THIRTY **SECRET  
WEAPONS!**

**INDIANS!** BY  
THUNDER, I OUGHT TO  
BE LASHED TO THE  
MAST FOR NOT  
TRUSTING YOU!



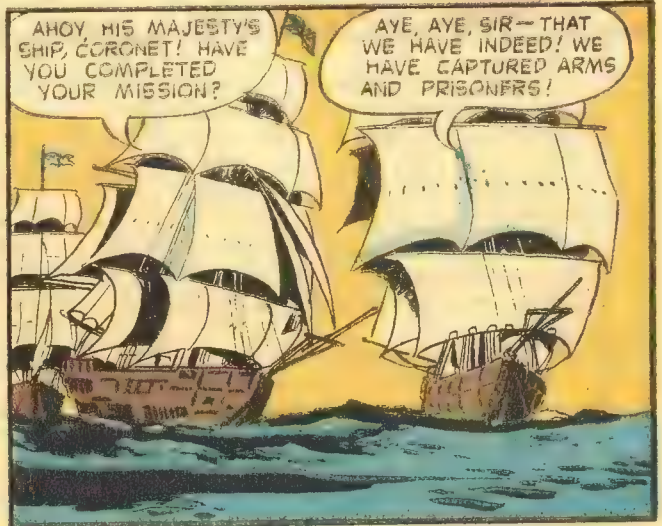
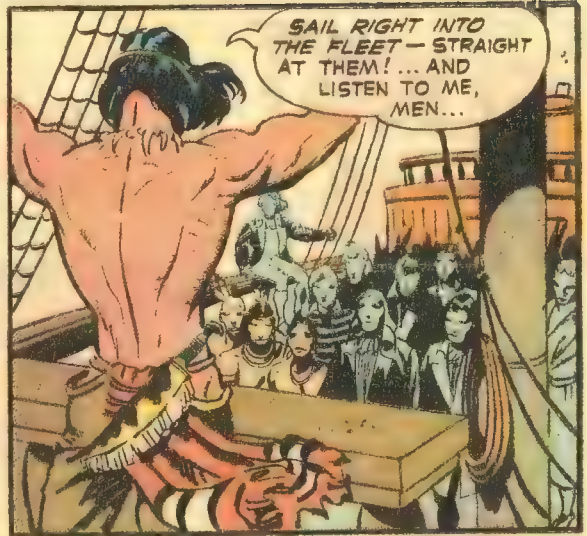
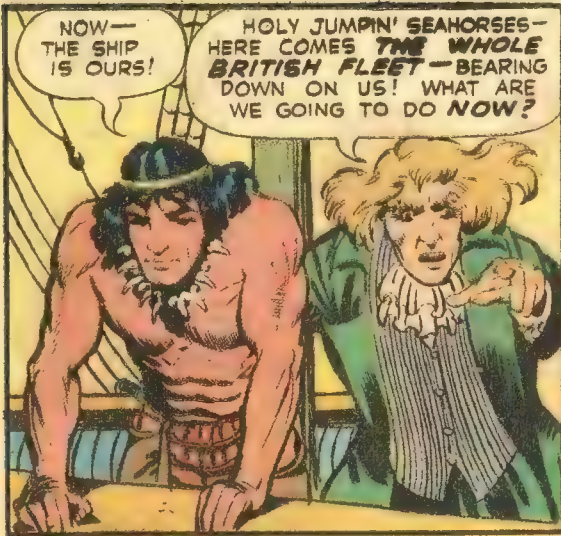
AND NOW — TO  
FINISH THE JOB  
WE STARTED...!







# THE DURANGO KID







THE THIN PLUME of smoke lifted upward from the red sandstone bluff. The man crouched in the shadows of a pinon watched it with narrowed eyes. His tongue came out to lick at his dry lips as cold terror ran its way down his spine beneath the faded blue shirt. "Apaches," he said to the dry New Mexican air. "On the war trail—and me with a dead horse—and no bullet for my gun!"

He had been out prospecting in the Dragoons hunting gold. He had a few nuggets in a leather bag at his waist enough to make his trip into these mountains well worth while if he could make it back to the post—with his scalp still on his head!

Zeke Gibbons shook his tawny head, wrinkles of worry furrowing his forehead. Without a horse without a gun to fight his way out of a trap his chances of saving that scalp were almost nil. Gibbons had seen what Apaches did to the men they caught. He had seen men hung over a dead fire tied upside down to a wagonwheel. He had seen other things even less pretty than what was left of the men after the fire had burned its way out.

He set out at a slow trot along the narrow trail that looped around the mesaland. He carried a rifle in his right hand a rifle whose chamber and magazine were empty. At his right side hung a long hunting knife in a linged sheath. *If I can keep out of sight, maybe I can make it.*

The sun poured down with terrific fury. It slid over the wide hump of his soft hat to beat down on his shoulders. It was an exhausting weight on his back. It cloaked his feet and numbed his muscles.

Gibbons came to a bend in the trail. Ten feet below the trail went on. If he could get down to that lower trail he would save himself hours of chase. But he would make himself a prime target against the keen Apache eyes.

He shrugged and went on to kneel. *I make it or I don't*, he told himself. He dug the long blade of his knife into the loose soil and dug with a toe at a protruding rock.

Midway down the face of the cliff he heard the yell.

It froze his blood for it came from deep in the belly and uled out from a throbbing Apache throat. Something came and whined high overhead and then he heard the flat, flat report of a Winchester rauding across the flats.

"They've seen me," Gibbons groaned, he turned his teeth. "Now they'll be coming this way on their ponies and!"

He choked off his words. No need to take breath on the empty air. He could read all that breath for running. And then he felt solid rock under his mocasin and he lowered himself to the ledge.

He ran into the approaching dusk with long strides, moving steadily downward toward the flats. He was planning ahead knowing the Apaches would be coming for him. Night was only two hours away. It was dry and cool at night a good time to travel once he was off the mesa.

Gibbons found a tiny spring and lay on his belly drinking carefully storing the wetness against the coming darkness. He rolled over and lay on his back limp letting his muscles ease. Overhead he could see the stars come winking out bright in the heart



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ness of the sky. He wondered idly if he would see those stars tomorrow night.

When he felt refreshed, he went trotting onto the flats. Somewhere out behind him in the darkness among the sotol and the sage the Apaches were coming swiftly and steadily on their ponies. Gibbons knew he had one advantage: on foot he would not loom high up against the horizon as he would if he had been mounted. By taking advantage of the cactus and ocotillo running from clump to clump so that he merged with their denser shadows, he might make it.

Now as he ran he could hear the drumming hoofs. They might not attack him at night. The Apaches, like most others in the desert, rarely fought at night, believing that the spirit who came to guide them to the happy hunting grounds might not find them in the darkness, were they killed. But if they learned he had no bullets for the rifle he carried.

Gibbons put that thought away from him, and concentrated on running.

He came upon the wagon an hour after midnight. It still smoked its charred ribs, smoldering a dull red showing here and there where the fire lingered.

Gibbons did not look at what remained of the two bodies on the ground. The Apaches had caught these men early yesterday had amused themselves with torture for some hours, then had fired the wagon and run on the horses.

He looked at the wreckage and found back his foot from the ends of the sticking wagon. Carefully he ran the hot black char over his hands and face, turning them as black as the night around him. Then he took new and fresher bits of char and rubbed it over his shirt and trousers.

As black as the night itself, he took the dead thing on the ground. "They'll never see me now!"

He looked for bullets, but the Apache search had been thorough. They had taken rifles and bullets, food and clothing.

Gibbons ran on.

It was an hour before dawn when the Apache found him. Gibbons was looking for a windfall or cave in which to spend the daytime hours. As he hunted, a grim figure rose up out of the night, rearing abruptly.

The thought came to Gibbons, even as he went off his feet at the Apache, that the redskin was more surprised to see him than Gibbons was to find the Apache barring his path. He was a short, stocky brave with wide shoulders that betrayed terrific physical strength. A red flannel headband ran about his dark black hair. High moccasins reached almost to his knees. His thighs were bare.

The Apache grunted as Gibbons rammed

into him, driving his head goatlike, forward into the Apache's belly. With a guttural "Whoo!" the Apache tumbled backwards.

Gibbons was on him even as he hit the ground. His fingers went for the greasy throat, tangling in the long hair. He gulped in a lungful of air and his fingers found their grip and tightened.

The Apache writhed, clawing at those iron fingers, trying to tip them free so as to scream for help from his fellow tribesmen who were even then hunting for this man who sought his life. But there was maniacal strength in Zeke Gibbons in these dawn hours. He was fighting not only to stay alive but to keep himself from the tortures that had made the name of Apache a dread one in the American southwest.

The Apache's struggles grew weaker. There was a dry rattling sounding in his throat. He shook spasmodically and his arms fell away. He lay there as Gibbons held his grip for another minute until he was positive that the man under him was dead.

Then he got to his knees, ripped loose the bandolier of brass cartridges and lifted the carbine the Apache had dropped.

He caught the Apache pony after a short chase, but did not mount him. Grasping the rope hackamore, he led him at a walk across the flats. "If I get up on him, those other braves may see me. If I let him go, they'll maybe find him, hunt for their missing friend, and then come hotfooting it after me!"

The first pink tints of dawn found Gibbons plodding across a sandy plain, fifteen miles from the trading post. He halted to look behind him. The red sandstone bluffs loomed high in the distance.

Gibbons grunted even though the effort hurt his dry lips. "Now let 'em catch me!" He swung onto the pony and kicked at its ribs.

Fresh the wily little bronc began to run. Gibbons let him go for a mile, then pulled him in to a slower pace. No need to blaze daylight. Those Apache devils will have run up and down all night, trying to find me. They're in no shape to catch you. I've saved you for these last few miles. If they show, you can run your fool head off!

Toward noon, he saw the Apaches trailing him, miles to the rear. He shook the reins and the tough pony really ran. Gibbons laughed as only a man can laugh who has touched death's cold fingers and lived to remember it.

Two miles away he could see the log walls of the post. The Apaches would never get him now. He was safe.

Zeke Gibbons began to whistle. . .

THE END



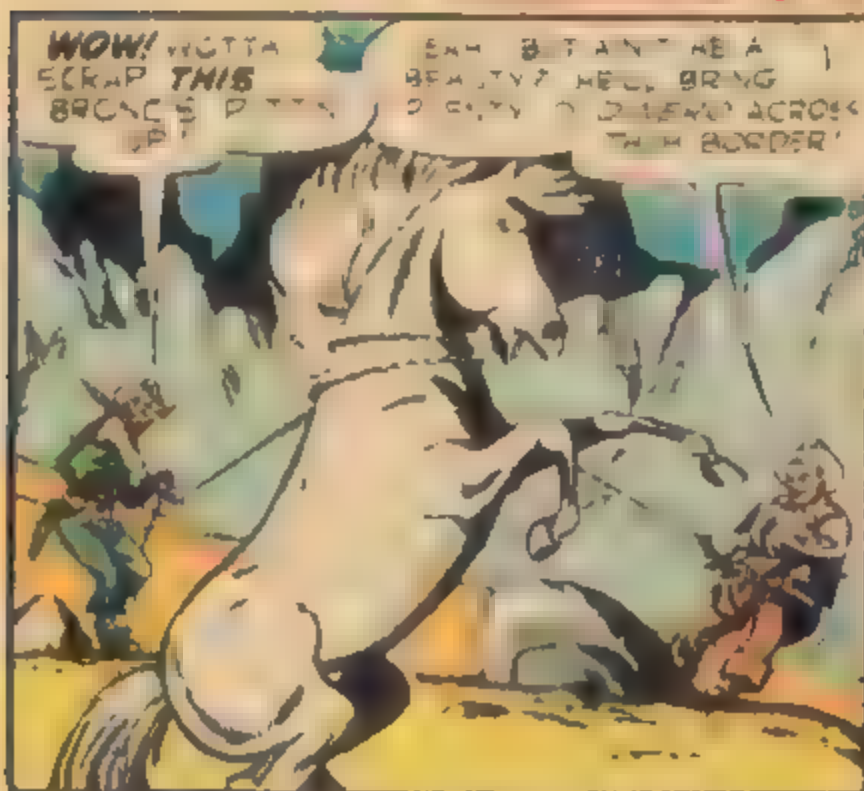


HEY SPKE  
WHY SEE WHAT  
I AM CERN

HYAR WE COME  
LOOKIN' FER A H DEOUT  
FER OUR STOLEN HORSE  
AN' LOOK AN' WE  
AND BEST HOSS DTHEY  
ALL LET ONAG IN  
WPUO!

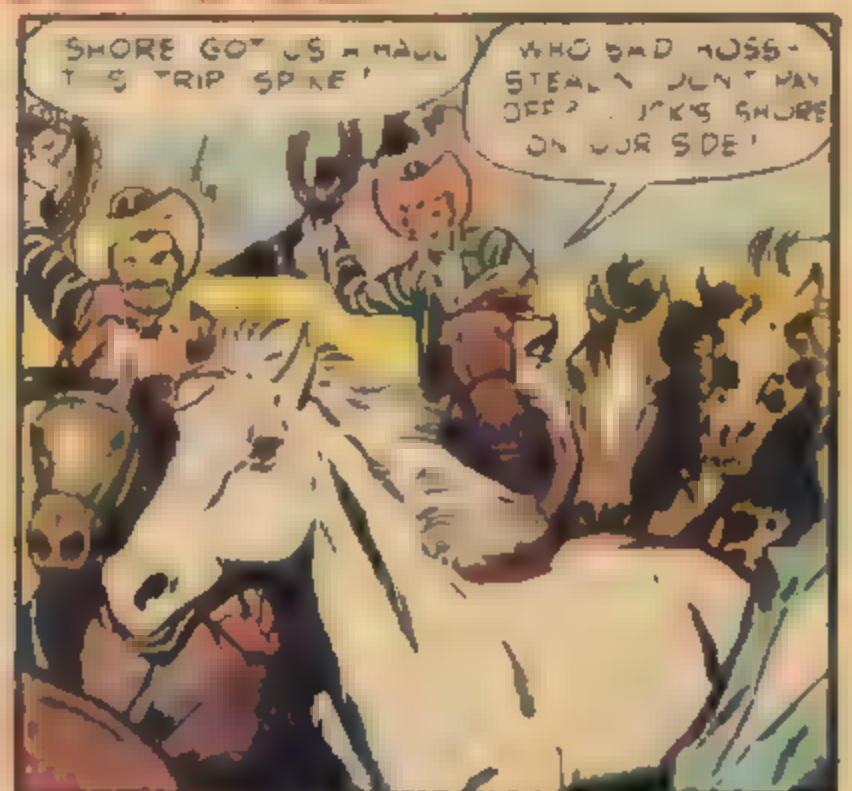
DURANGO KID, A MAN WHO NEVER ON THE HIGHEST OWNHOOTS  
IN THE COUNTRY WOULD SEE THEIR EYE TEETH FOR A CLUE TO **THE DURANGO KID'S** H DEOUT,  
BUT IT TAKES TWO BLUNDERING HORSE THIEVES TO STUMBLE ACROSS IT AND THUS KICK OFF  
THE SUSPENSEFUL, THRILLING STORY OF

## "DURANGO'S STOLEN STEED!"



WOW! GOTTA  
ECCAP THIS  
BRONCE D TTA  
SP!

EAT B TANT HE A  
BEAUTY? HELL BRNG  
O CITY O DLEND ACROSS  
TH H BORDER!



SHORE GOT US A MAUL  
T'S TRIP SPKE!

WHO BAD HOSS-  
STEALN JUNT MAY  
OFF? JCK'S SHORE  
ON OUR SDE!



# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID

TO CLAIM RAIDER DURANGO WOULD HAVE TO SHOW HE'S THE **LEGAL** OWNER—AND THAT'S **STEVE BRAND!** WE CAN'T DO THAT!



AN' IF YUH DON'T CLAIM HIM HE'LL BE AUCTIONED OFF. MEBBE WE CAN **BUY** RAIDER AT THAT AUCTION?

WE CAN'T DO THAT EITHER. IF I RO GHT HIM AT A CTION THEN **EVERYBODY** WOULD KNOW RAIDER BELONGS TO ME FROM THEN ON. DURANGO WOULD NEVER ROE HIM AGAIN!



GOLLY! WHAT T'DO? WHAT T'DO?

ONLY ONE THING TO DO ANJLEY—**THEELES OURSELVES!**

YUH MEAN—LET SOME-**BODY ELSE** BUY RAIDER—AND THEN STEAL HIM BACK?



RIGHT! OF COURSE WE'LL LEAVE MONEY TO REMBURSE THAT PERSON—BUT EVEN SO THAT WILL MAKE DURANGO OFFICIALLY AN **OUTLAW!** BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY I MUST HAVE RAIDER BACK! NO OTHER HORSE CAN SERVE DURANGO!

**NEW DAY!**

WAL, ALL THE HOSSES IS CLAIMED—EXCEPT DURANGO'S! I RECKON DURANGO **WONT** CLAIM EITHER—CHUEE THAT WOULD REVEAL WHO HE IS! SHORE DERE TUM DO? BUT I'LL GUNNA HAVE TEN AUCTION THIS MORSE OFF!

ONE HUNDRED AN FIFTY **SMALLBUCKS!**

I BD **THREE HUNDRED BUCKS!** AN I AM TUM AT THAT MOSE!

WOW! NOBODY HJAR **WAT** THAT S.O!



HE'S ALL YORES BNG JUDO! BUT YUHRE GON TUM TREAT IM A LOT MORE GENTLE THAN THET!

DONT YELL ME HOW TUM TREAT MY MOSE SHERFF! COME ALONG YUH **BLASTED** CAYISE—**MOVE!**

SOMEBODY ROPE THIS CRITTER QUICK—AFORE HE **KILLS** ME!

SERVES IM RIGHT—JERKN A MOSE MOOSE LIKE THET!





# THE DURANGO KID

GOT IM!  
HE'S  
PLENTY  
STRONG  
THEY  
HOSS!

HE'S A KILLER-BUT I'M  
GOIN' TUN TEACH HIM  
TUN REHAVE AN LESSON  
ONE -TARTS RIGHT NOW-  
GONNA GIVE IM A BEATIN'  
HEL. NEVER FORGET!



LAY OFF, JUDD  
THEY'S NO WAY  
TUN HANDLE  
A HOSS!

EASY STEVE,  
EASY TUN  
SHERFF'S  
HANDLIN THE  
MATTER!



CONTROL  
YERSELF,  
STEVE -  
WE'LL G.  
OUR CHANCE  
LATER ON!

WE'D BETTER GET  
AWAY FROM HERE,  
MULEY-BEFORE I  
GIVE MYSELF AWAY  
COMPLETELY! THAT  
ROTTEN HORSE-  
BEATER! TAKING  
RAIDER AWAY FROM  
HIM! ISN'T  
STEALING MULEY!



LATER THAT DAY-AT JUDD'S RANCH

WAL WE GOT M HYAR!  
WHY? A BLAZES YUH WANT  
IM FER JUDD? HE'S TOO  
ORNERY TUN RIDE!

DON'T  
AIM  
TUN  
RIDE  
M MEN!



THEY DON'T WANT TUN  
BE BAIT - TUN TRAP  
DURANGO! DURANGO'S  
SHORE TUN COME AFTER  
IM TONIGHT-AN THEY'S  
WHEN HE WALKS INTUN  
OUR TRAP!



YUP, WITH DURANGO OUTA  
THUH WAY, WE KIN DO ALL THUH  
RUSTLIN WE WANT! I'LL WANT  
A BUNCH O MEN AROUND THE  
CORRAL TONIGHT

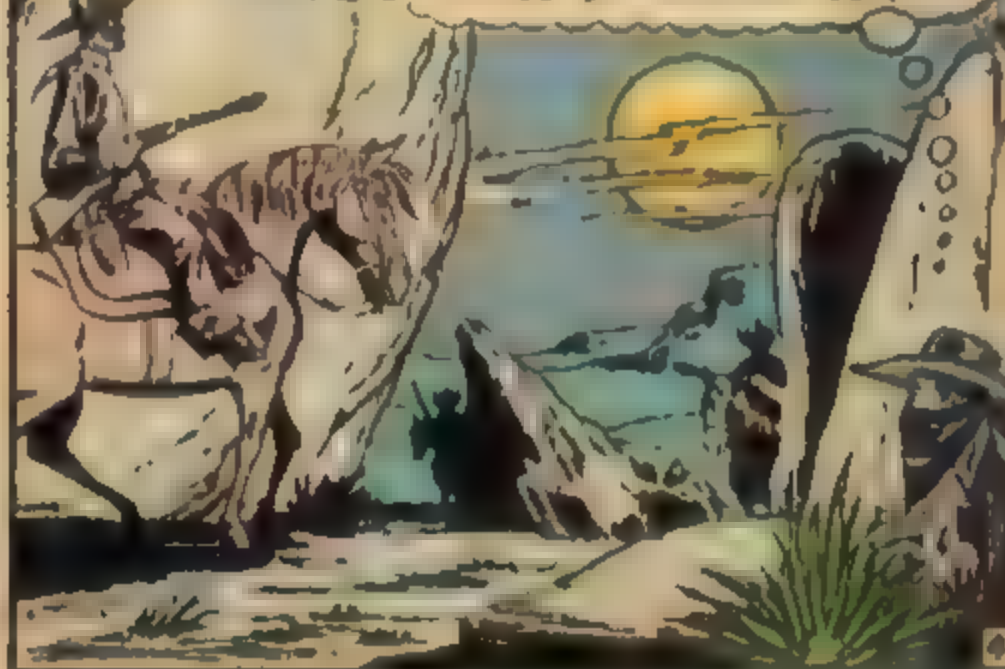


COMIN OR GOIN, DURANGO'LL  
HAVE TO COME ALONG THE ROAD!  
I'M POSTIN YOU GUYS ALONG HYAR  
KEEP HD-AN SHOOT TUN KILL!



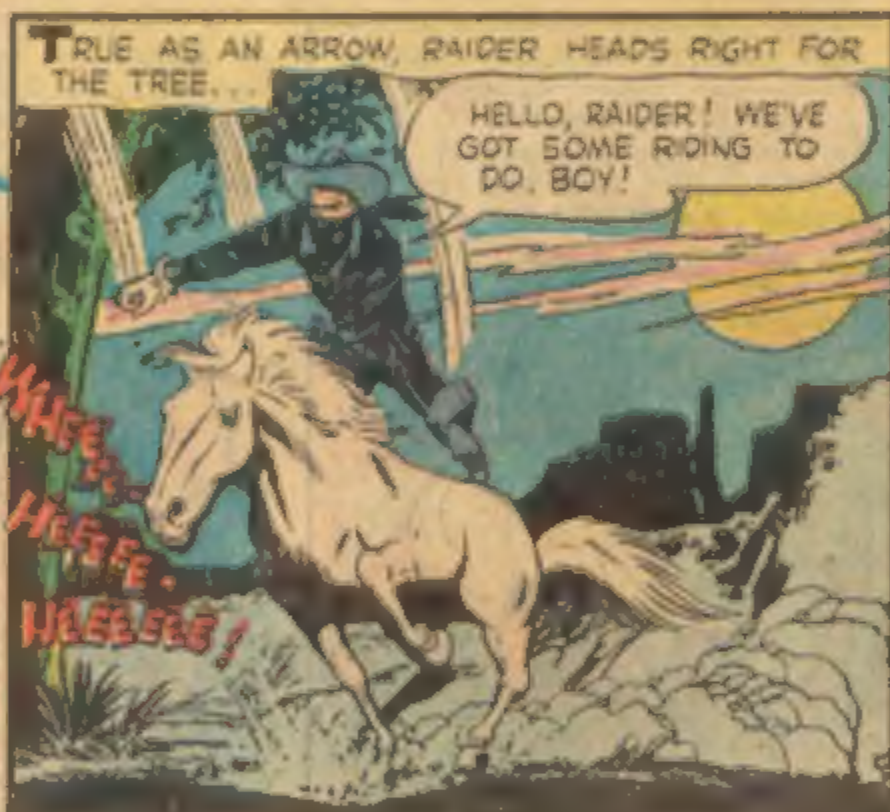
THAT  
NIGHT

SO! THERE'S A GAUNTLET POSTED ALONG  
THIS ROAD! MAYBE THAT'S WHY JUDD BOUGHT  
RAIDER-TO TRAP ME! MAKES THINGS A  
LITTLE BT TOUGHER BUT.





# THE DURANGO KID







PLAN TWO, RAIDER —  
PLAN TWO!  
ALLEY OOP!



THEY'LL HAVE A FINE TIME TRYING TO CATCH  
RAIDER. NOW—UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS THAT  
COWARD, JUDD, WILL BE THE LAST RIDER...!



...AND I'M RIGHT! ...I'VE A  
COUPLE OF ACCOUNTS TO  
SETTLE WITH YOU, MISTER!



ACCOUNT NUMBER ONE!  
THIS SETTLES WHAT I OWE  
YOU FOR BEATING RAIDER  
WITH A  
STICK!

URPH!



ACCOUNT NUMBER TWO—THIS  
SETTLES WHAT I OWE YOU FOR  
TRYING TO MURDER DURANGO!  
...AH, AND HERE COMES RAIDER  
BACK AGAIN—LEAD THAT BUNCH  
CLEAR IN A CIRCLE!...GOOD BOY!



COME NOW GENTS—YOU DON'T REALLY  
THINK YOU CAN CATCH UP WITH A HORSE  
LIKE RAIDER, DO YOU?



A MATTER  
OF MINUTES  
AND JUDD'S  
MEN ARE  
LEFT FAR  
BEHIND...

OUT IN THE FREE AND OPEN AGAIN!  
WELL, RAIDER—WE'LL HAVE TO FIND A  
NEW HIDEOUT...  
AND A  
**BETTER**  
ONE! JUST  
CAN'T  
AFFORD  
TO LOSE YOU  
AGAIN...!

THE  
END



Here it is fellas! send for it **NOW!**

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whistles  
horns... on  
this railroad  
sound effects  
record.





# LOOK

## AT THESE

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